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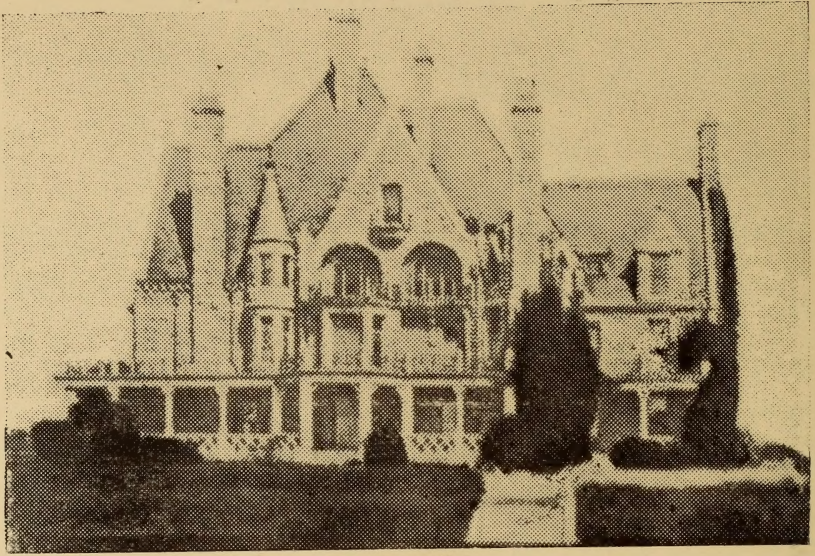
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# Victoria College Annual

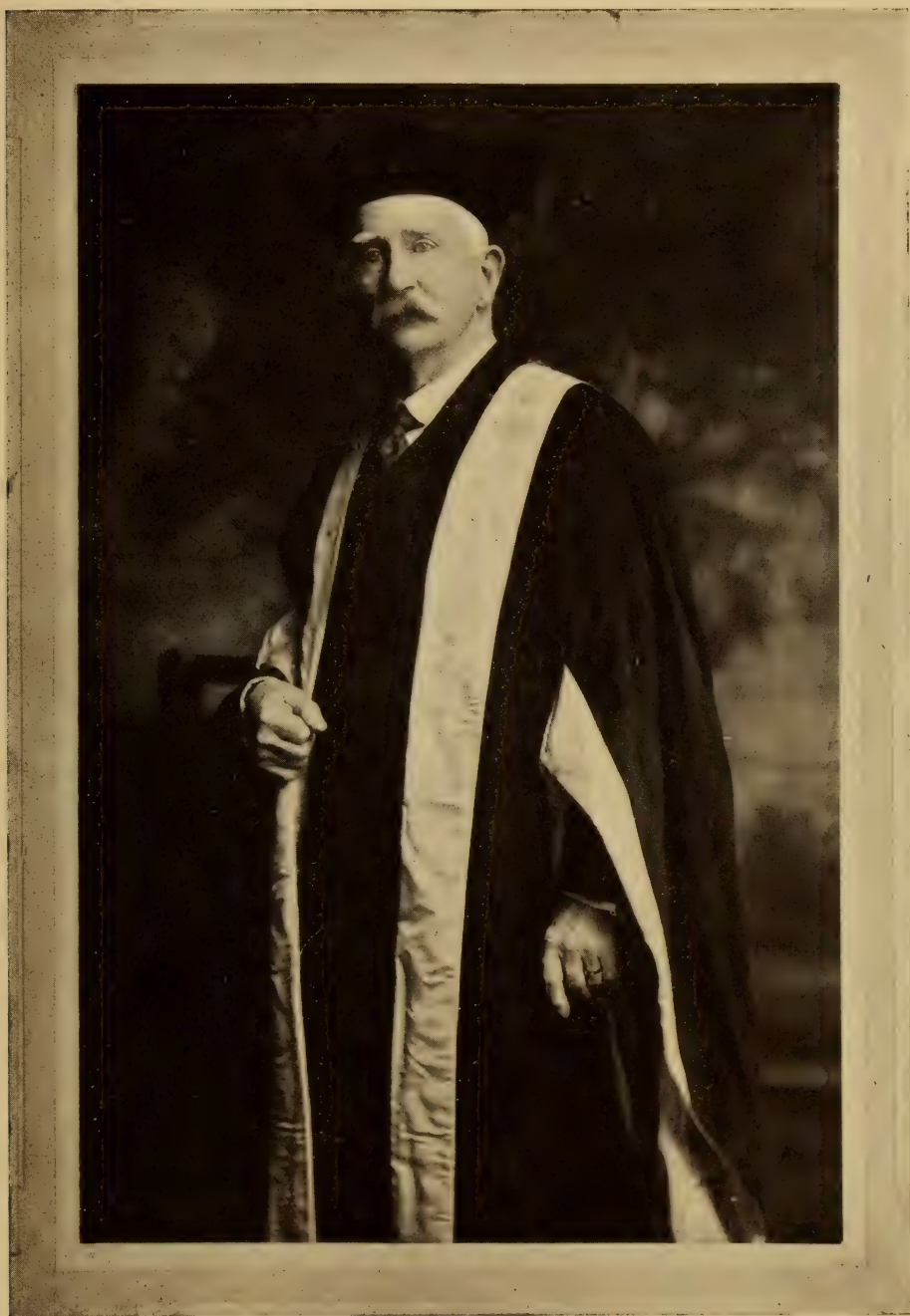
1924-5



To  
**Edward B. Paul, M.A., LL.B.**

We, the students of Victoria College,  
respectfully dedicate this  
Annual.





EDWARD B. PAUL, M. A., LL.D.

## To the Students of Victoria College--

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*Another session is drawing to a close, and the time is approaching when the pleasant associations you have had with each other and with the members of the Faculty will cease and become in many cases merely happy memories.*

*Most of you, looking back on your brief sojourn in Victoria College, will, I believe, have few regrets and much to remember with satisfaction. For the great majority of you have worked faithfully and well, taking advantage of the opportunities offered to you of adding to your knowledge and strengthening your characters. But I feel sure that none of you will rest content with your past achievements. Do not forget that your quest for knowledge has only just begun, and that in the University you are only laying foundations for superstructures which you must build yourselves. The result will depend on your own interest and energy as much as on your natural ability. If you continue to be students all your lives, you will have an unfailing source of true happiness.*

*To any of you who may feel that he has neglected his opportunities I would say that he has youth and health and, I hope, courage, and, consequently everything is in his favour for retrieving his position. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."*

*All of you are to be congratulated on your excellent conduct during the past session. During that period you have fully demonstrated the efficiency of your self-government; and I here have much pleasure in conveying to Mr. Dee, the President of the Students' Council; Mr. Bowers, the Secretary, and the other members of the Council, the thanks of the Faculty for their very satisfactory management of the discipline of the College, whereby the dignity of our institution and the happiness of both Students and Professors have been greatly promoted.*

*In the name of the Faculty I wish you all who may not return to College, happiness and success in your future careers—and to those who intend to come back I give assurance of a hearty welcome next session.*

EDWARD. B. PAUL,

*Principal.*





Dr. E.B. Paul, Principal



Miss J.A. Cann



Mrs. E. Sanderson Mangin



E. Howard Russell, Registrar



W.H. Christie



E.S. Farr

Victoria College.  
Members of the  
Faculty.



P.H. Elliott



Miss G. Riddell

# In Memoriam

THOMAS WARREN CORNETT

**A** FEW WEEKS before the fall term had begun, we were saddened by the death of Mr. Cornett, who for two years had been closely associated with the staff and student body of Victoria College.

With the first shock of the report came the bewildered disbelief in the possibility of such a calamity. But ultimately crept in the realization that there had indeed been no mistake, and rumour, confirmed, became a certainty. We would never again hear him speak, nor watch for the familiar smile and the old gestures, all those habits of expression which had made him "Mr. Cornett" to us. In the place in our lives where his personality had been so great a factor there was to be a memory, with its attendant sense of loneliness and loss.

But it is significant of his character that our grief was not for ourselves alone, that we thought immediately of those wider fields where we knew his influence to have been so great for good. Today, when the principles of altruism are so glibly enunciated by the superficial, it is a pleasure to have known so well one whose whole life was an unostentatious service, not inspired by sentimental pity and despair, but by unbounded optimism, and faith in the greater destiny of humanity.

Tolerant, sympathetic, sincere, he was best known and loved by us in his capacity as a teacher, and by the indelible stamp of his personality his teaching has been rendered ineffaceable. Because we have known him we understand more fully the worth of effort, and the dishonour of neglect; we see more clearly that narrow and petty intolerance is a shameful thing, the outcome of selfish superficiality. "To know all is to forgive all," and "Live to learn, but rather learn to live," are among the things he taught, and because we know that he believed them and lived in accordance with them, we accept his doctrine and choose his goal as ours. The good he did lives on, and the inspiration which he gave is still an urge in our lives. Our gratitude and love demand that the tribute which we bring before his memory shall be more than spoken word or printed page. His greatest "In Memoriam" he himself has written into our very lives, since he has placed there the vision of a truer idealism, an incentive to greater endeavour and higher achievement in those things which make him outlive his death.

—JESSIE R. MACDONALD.



# Victoria College Annual

*Editor-in-Chief*—MILDRED U. BARKER

*Associate Editors*

HESTER CLEVELAND, F. R. MCINTYRE, R. M. PETRIE

*Art Editor*—HOPE LEEMING

*Business Managers*—H. W. BLACKETT, D. GREENWOOD, G. STARK

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## EDITORIAL

As the end of the 1924-1925 session of Victoria College approaches, we feel the need to pause in the midst of (we hope) a fairly busy life, to review in the mind the activities of the past six months. We, a group of over one hundred and sixty students, with varied viewpoints, and equally varied interests and ambitions, entered Victoria College last September. To the greater number of us it was a new and somewhat strange environment. Owing to its youth, its consequent lack of tradition, and to the fact that it offers only a two-year course, Victoria College challenges greater effort on the part of each individual student, both in the classroom and in the outside activities, than a larger college would.

We feel that this challenge has not passed entirely unaccepted, and, indeed, that the responsibilities of the various student organizations have been more widely distributed over the student body than is usually the case. For the size of this Institution, we believe that these activities are almost as varied as they could be successfully, representing, as they do, the religious, athletic, social, literary, elocutionary and dramatic interests of the students. Our success, as students proper, we must leave to the decision of Fate, as represented by the coming examinations.

A few weeks more, and our little company will have ceased to be a unit. Next September will find a small group of the old students here, to "carry on," we hope *more* worthily than we have done, the work and play of the College; another group will be found pursuing their studies further in various universities or in the Normal School; but for many the end of this term means the end of school life, for a time at least, and the undertaking of new responsibilities and new activities in the world about us. The question naturally arises in the mind, in what ways has our education fitted us for these new responsibilities? Surely our studies and discussions have given us a breadth of vision, a clearness of thought, a tolerance that will influence our acts in our new surroundings. Surely our organizations have developed the initiative which will be useful to us in the communities into which we enter. Surely the contact with the members of our faculty, and with our fellows, has in some measure prepared us for the wider intercourse of human life. And may it not be said that we take away, in return for our efforts, pleasant memories of the time we have spent together, and high ideals, which we hope may accompany us always up the path of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

We feel that it is fitting here to voice the regret that is felt by the students of Victoria College, at the untimely death of their professor,

Mr. T. W. Cornett, much beloved by all who were privileged in knowing him. Mr. Cornett will always be remembered as one who showed in his own life that determination to improve one's abilities in the face of all difficulties, and that unstinting gift of service, which he so constantly emphasized as the noblest duties of citizenship.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Editor wishes to convey her thanks to the business management, Messrs. Blackett, Greenwood and Stark, to whose untiring efforts the financial success of the Annual is almost entirely due, and to those members of the student body who have contributed the material from which, in the Editors' judgment, the best has been chosen. Finally, for her colleagues, whose work has been invaluable, she has only praise.

### A VISION

The silver wavelets kiss the strand,  
 And diamond stars glow bright above;  
 The swooning air swirls soft and grey,  
 With perfumes from an unknown land;  
 And a sylvan pinnace glides, like love,  
 From the mouth of a still and moonlit bay.

Anon from the fairy barque arise  
 The sounds of cymbal and of song,  
 And the phantom oars move to and fro,  
 While the music floats in the gleaming skies;  
 And echoes back to the fairy throng  
 From the depths of the starlight's glow.

Still onward sailed the phantom boat,  
 And out into the night it passed—  
 Until, before an island lay,  
 A vision palace all afloat,  
 With swaying blooms about it massed,  
 And perfumed breezes light as day.

Then mystic revelry began,  
 And filled the night with throbbing sound,  
 And music rose from flute and pipe,  
 As never yet was heard by man;  
 And phantom dancers floated round  
 To melodies, in joyous life.

Till out upon the gilded sea,  
 The morning mists did writhe and swirl,  
 And the fiery sun upthrust his head,  
 And the island faded in the lee;  
 While light as soft as dewy pearl  
 Arose—and all the vision fled.

*Richard E. A. Diespecker.*



Owing to the fact that there were no prizes or scholarships available to classical students in this College, Dr. Paul very kindly offered at the beginning of this session, to award a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best translation or adaptation of a Latin ode, chosen from Horace. It was judged by Professor Robertson, of the U.B.C. This was won by Miss Patsy Robinson, whose work throughout the year has merited the highest praise and of whose ability we have no doubt. The following was the composition submitted by Miss Robinson:—

## ODE 37. BOOK I.

Come, merry friends, to revels gay,  
To drink, to dancing, and to song,  
But ere the sun has run his course,  
Let's offer sacrifice to Jove,  
Lest we forget.

Before this day it was not meet  
That we should drown our cares in wine,  
While still a daring queen deranged,  
And band of gallants foul with lust,  
(Mad woman, she).

Nursed fruitless hopes of sovereignty  
O'er our fair land. Oh, Rome sublime,  
No alien could defile thy shore!  
Though drunk with Fortune's favours, he  
Doth scheme in vain.

As hawk pursues the gentle dove  
O'er plains of snow-clad Thessaly,  
Avenging Cæsar tracked her down,  
And changed her foolish dreams to fear  
And stern reality.

A single ship escaped the flame,  
To tell the world its dreadful tale;  
A captive lay the noble queen,  
While cheerfully the conqueror,  
With purpose fixed.

Decreed that Death, and hopeless Shame,  
Should be her lot. Just as a man  
Delights to watch the struggles vain  
Of captured prey, he hoped to chain  
The creature cursed.

Yet she a nobler death resolved,  
Nor feared the sword, nor sought escape,  
But in her wild and cunning brain,  
Whose reason wavered fitfully,  
A way devised.

Her fallen state she scarce observed,  
On higher thoughts her mind was fixed;  
Unflinching, she the serpent clasps;  
Ah, Egypt! Courage e'er was thine,  
In time of stress.

As death draws near, the flame of Life  
 Bursts high in spiteful mockery:  
 Then venom fills that outer shell,  
 That dauntless spirit bursts its bonds  
     To join its mate.

No glorious triumph shalt thou grace,  
 Dethroned, ashamed, in hostile land;  
 A nobler act has writ thy name  
 On pages of posterity,  
     Illustrious one!

---

### EVENING

The swallow wings his homeward way  
     Across the sunset sky,  
 A black boat on a crimson sea  
     That fades as night draws nigh.

From out the gloam of grey dense fog,  
     The gold lights twinkle bright;  
 The spangles of the silver stars  
     Shine on the gown of night.

A light breeze rustles through the leaves,  
     A sigh drops from the sky;  
 The shivering whispers of the trees  
     Shake through the dark—and die.

—H. C. C.

## In Memoriam

The Faculty and the Students all regret and feel deeply the loss of one of our students of Arts '27. We refer to Jeffery Bothwell, who was during his year here much beloved by all who knew him. He was one of our basketball team and a good student.

Not long ago we had the misfortune to learn of the accidental death of one of the former students of the College, Frederick Lewis, who was killed on his way East to take up his Varsity studies there. Mr. Lewis was a popular Victoria College student and we extend our earnest sympathy to his parents and others bereaved by his death.



## FLIP AND THE WOOD-CUTTER

*(Being a translation from the original Hangolian of Jeremy Baldpate)*

Jack Frost came early that season into Hangolio and went away late, and the winter which he concocted was a masterpiece in point of coldness—the coldest in fact that had ever settled upon the kingdom. It was a year that caused the old folks to draw a wee bit farther than usual into the chimney corner, painted the young people's cheeks the color of ripe apples, and brought gold into the pockets of the wood-cutters. Even the stolid old owl, always well muffled up to the eyes, was fain to admit the unusual sharpness of the frosts o' nights, and in his most churlish moods cursed Jack Frost roundly for making the mice so scarce, to the great scandal of the snowbirds, who pronounced him a queer fellow.

On a certain December afternoon in the aforesaid winter, Master Flip, late jester to His Most Excellent Majesty, King Oscar of Hangolio, found himself trudging wearily along a well-nigh obliterated roadway, which led from Para, the capital, to the flourishing town of Loyana, fifteen leagues distant. He had set out that morning from the royal palace on the outskirts of Para in a very sad and crestfallen state of mind. Let us go back a day and explain.

The way in which Flip behaved himself on that memorable day was truly scandalous; indeed it came frightfully near to bringing about a war between Hangolio and a neighboring kingdom. He had gone out sleigh-riding, so it appears, with Erasmus Bostock, minister from the court of Northalia, and during the course of the afternoon the venerable statesman had a most unfortunate mishap. His sled, going full speed down hill, suddenly struck a bump. The sleigh stopped short, but the Honorable Bostock kept on travelling, till he landed head-first in a snowdrift, much to the amusement of Flip, and sank down till only his legs were visible. There he remained as helpless as a kitten, waving those limbs about in a manner piteous to behold, and calling in a muffled voice for help. But, we grieve to relate, no help was forthcoming from Flip; those two thin legs dangling above the surface of the snow put a devilish notion into his head, and he was soon industriously pelting them with snowballs, and chuckling all over with fiendish delight whenever he found his mark.

There the king, passing by that way some minutes later, caught him red-handed at his villainous game. The indignant minister, red-faced and spluttering, was soon extricated, and Flip, by way of punishment was sent to bed early that evening with a cake of soap in his mouth. Erasmus Bostock, however, was not so easily appeased, and in order to avoid a war, King Oscar must needs dismiss Flip from his service, much to his genuine sorrow, for he loved his jester dearly.

When Flip heard the bitter news he sighed deeply. "Ah, well!" he said mournfully, "it's about time, anyway, that I went home to daddy. I haven't seen the old boy for five years." And so, next morning, just as the sun began to light up the great golden dome high up on the palace, Flip, with the king's blessing on his head, a tear in his eye, and a pilfered doughnut in his hand, set out for Loyana.

Thus we find him as the afternoon wore to a close, weary-legged and miserably cold, still some miles from his destination, casting ever and anon an anxious glance at the sun, hanging low and pale in the wintry sky.

Like everything else, it appeared chilled and weak with the frost. "The poor old fellow looks as if *he* was stuck in a snowdrift," he muttered, dolefully, breaking an icicle off his chin, and he chuckled aloud at the reminiscence which that chance remark brought to his mind.

A lacerating wind swept mournfully across the vast drifting white plain, and sent the snow, as it was stirred by his footsteps, whirling away to his left. Light, feathery snowflakes commenced to fall, some slowly, some swiftly, others in little swirling vortices to the earth. The horizon began slowly to close round the solitary traveller, and the continual movement of white flakes bewildered him. Gradually, however, the sensation wore off into a feeling of comfortable isolation.

The snow, after continuing to fall for some time, suddenly ceased, and the sun, waxing stronger again, Flip was able to discern the dark outline of a dense forest not far ahead. He quickened his pace till finally he paused where the roadway made its entry among the trees. Here he flung his bundle to the snow, and peered nervously through the dim shadows before him, pondering deeply the while.

Now, here is where our story probably begins: and those three sordid weavers, the Fates, did so decree it that as Master Flip cast his bundle down to speculate on the dangers in front of him, three gold coins slipped unnoticed from it, and lay glittering side by side in the snow. It has been wisely said that trivial happenings are often the occasion of most important and unforeseen events. Let us suppose, for instance, that one hot day a fly lit upon Mr. Atlas' perspiring forehead, sauntered leisurely across the bridge of his nose, and commenced a quiet ramble through the shadows of his beard, as we humans are wont to stroll through a pleasant wood. Consider the resulting disaster should Mr. Atlas quite unconsciously remove his arm from the support of his burden to shoo the innocent little insect away. It fatigues the imagination to think of it. But to return.

Flip, all unconscious of his loss, shouldered his bundle once more, and with some trepidation entered the forest. He tried to put on a bold front, and even made a brave attempt to whistle the latest Hangolian foxtrot as he plodded along, but what with the numbness of his lips and the restlessness of his thoughts, he said two naughty words and gave it up. In spite of himself a host of wild and terrible imaginings ran riot through his mind. The lurking of a shadow, the sinister outline of a stump, the flutter of snow tipped from a branch by a breath of air—all such inconsequent details were greedily seized upon by his sharpened fancy, exaggerated by the sheer force of terror, twisted, distorted, elevated into beings too strange for reality, till poor Flip felt his heart fairly swim within his breast. Every object among the knarled tree-trunks which he could not reconcile into the figure of a familiar object, every little twig that snapped sharply with the frost, made him fairly gurgle with fright. At times when he perceived a suspicious shadow lurking in the underbrush in front of him he would continue to peer at it till he had passed it well behind, so that his head finally completed a whole half-circle in the process; at which point he would let out an odd little whimper, and burst into a shambling trot for a few moments, stop, turn about, and seeing nothing in pursuit, attempt a weak smile. In this manner we leave Flip to continue his journey, and turn back some three miles along the roadway.



Now, some time after the jester entered the forest, a priest drove along that way with sleigh-bells jingling merrily, and approached the self-same spot where Flip had paused to counsel with himself. The priest, who was a jolly fellow, having none to converse with except his horse, and with nothing in particular to occupy his mind, was amusing himself by watching Flip's tracks in the fresh-fallen snow, and drawing conclusions as to that individual's character, physical peculiarities and so on. Such an innocent pastime was a common one in Hangolio during the winter season. "By the ungainly slant of his foot-prints," said he to himself, shifting the reins from one hand to the other, "I'll wager my next meal he's as bow-legged as a barn-yard duck, or he carries an unusually heavy burden, or mayhap his shoes need mending. His steps grow longer here—he is hurrying, no doubt, to reach the shelter of the forest where the wind doesn't bite so. Poor fellow, his clothes may not be of the— Halloa! What's this?"

Three little yellow coins lying sharply in contrast with the white snow put a sudden ending to his musings. "Whoa, Moses! Whoa, you!" The steaming horse halted so abruptly that the shafts drove the harness a foot or so along its back. The priest got out and picked up the three pieces of gold. "Sancta Maria! Fifteen konas"\* exclaimed he. "A man who must needs travel afoot in this weather can't afford to lose such a sum of money. Poor fellow, he can't be far ahead." So saying, the worthy old man clambered into his sleigh once again and drove on.

Meanwhile a wood-cutter, having finished his day's work in the forest, with his axe over his shoulder, trudged up a by-path leading away among the trees, and joined the main road, which he followed briskly in the direction of Loyana. There the priest very soon overtook him, stopped, and bade him "jump in."

"Aye, thanks, father," answered the wood-cutter, climbing in; and the priest, with a call to his horse, drove on. The stranger was short, thick-set, and heavily bearded, and possessed a pair of very shifty black eyes. The priest, however, with that simple faith in his fellow beings peculiar to those of his occupation, took in his appearance with little or no misgiving.

"You didn't happen to lose some money by the wayside?" he asked.

"No, father," replied the wood-cutter, who was for the time somewhat awed in the presence of a servant of God, "I never carry money with me into the forest." Yet inwardly he cursed himself for being so hasty with his answer. He was silent for some moments. "Only last full moon," he continued, a king's messenger was set upon by a band of robbers in the forest here. They robbed him of three hundred konas and left him half dead in the snow; so you can see for yourself it's a dangerous thing to carry gold about these parts. Did you find some money?"

"Yes, three five-kona pieces. Here they are," and the priest reached under his fur coat and brought them forth.

"Some rich merchant, mayhap," said the wood-cutter, with a greedy eye. "Saving your presence, father, I'd let him go to the devil. There's a good tavern just as we enter Loyana, and a little wine would help to take the frost out of one's bones." He cast a sidelong glance at his

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\*The kona: a coin in Hongolian currency equal to about \$1.20 in our money.

companion and licked his lips. The priest gazed stolidly along the roadway in front of him and crossed himself in silence. Meanwhile the white darkness of a winter's night was fast closing in upon them, and the tired horse, in anticipation of a warm stable and a good meal of oats, quickened its pace.

The jester in the meantime had just come within sight of the termination of the forest, when an owl hooted dismally from some frost-rimed branch nearby. To poor Flip's enlivened fancy it sounded like the wail of a lost soul out of the shadows of eternity. Whatever it was, spirit, owl, or four-legged beast, he determined to take no chance when so near to safety, and one last mad gallop carried him far out into the open spaces, where he recognized through the wan twilight far ahead, the spires and steeples of Loyana, with faint lights twinkling into view below them; and as he fell to walking once again, he heard the musical tinkle of sleigh-bells behind him. Somewhat ashamed that those in the sleigh had perhaps seen his last show of faint-heartedness, he walked more slowly, till the priest drew alongside him and reined his horse to a standstill.

The priest, with a benevolent smile on his round rubicund visage, bade him clamber in. Flip doffed his cap politely, and he had so far complied with that cordial request as to place one foot in the bottom of the sleigh, and had hunched his shoulders to bring the other up, when he chanced to gain a square view of the wood-cutter's bearded countenance. A close observer might have perceived in the face of the jester at that moment a well-disguised look of surprise, closely followed up by the shadow of a smile. The impression, however, was gone in a flash, and with a deep sigh of contentment Flip sat down in the sled.

"Was it you," asked the priest, addressing Flip, "who lost fifteen konas where the road enters the forest?"

"Fifteen konas——in gold?"

"Aye," answered the priest, holding them out for Flip's inspection.

"By the fiends!" cried Flip, and reaching down for his bundle, he untied it, displaying before the eyes of his two companions a rich pile of glittering coins. He searched round the white cotton bag with his fingers till he found a small rent. "Yes, father, for sure, they must be mine, they've chewed a hole through the cloth here and dropped out, the divils," and looking up suddenly, he caught an evil look in the wood-cutter's eye. The priest handed him the money with a smile, and tying up the bag again, Flip sat back in silence, thoughtfully watching the horse's mane dancing up and down, with now and then a furtive glance at the wood-cutter beside him.

The lights of Loyana were now growing brighter and brighter with their nearer approach, and the speedy fall of the darkness, and the voices of the town mingled strangely with the jangle of the sleigh-bells and the steady dull crunch of snow beneath the runners. A sleigh going in the opposite direction dashed madly past them, and they entered the outskirts of the town. The houses became gradually more numerous, and people passed and repassed along streets brightly lighted up by the glare from shop windows. Finally the priest brought his horse to a halt before a quaint old tavern, and the three travellers climbed out to stretch their stiffened limbs. As a stable-boy led the horse away, the short

fat figure of the landlord appeared in the steaming doorway of the tavern, and with a broad smile bade them a merry welcome.

"Three bottles of your best ale, my fine fellow," cried Flip, peering over the back of the sleigh as he reached down for his bag, and the landlord immediately withdrew, leaving the door wide for his guests. The priest entered first, and the wood-cutter turned to Flip, "To speak truth," he said, "I should be off immediately, but I'll stop here awhile to drain a mug with you and warm my bones by the fireside.

"You'll not see home this night, my fine fellow, if I can help it," thought Flip, with a chuckle, and aloud, "Step in and we'll have you as warm as the devil's pitchfork before Jack Frost winks an eyelash." They both entered without more ado, and joined the priest, who was by now firmly ensconced as far as he could conveniently get within the chimney corner.

Soon a waiter bustled up with the ale. The priest sipped his slowly and licked his lips; the wood-cutter gulped greedily, and Flip drank deeply, with long intervals between, during which he watched the wood-cutter with grave interest, and a twinkle in his eye; and as he soon perceived his bottle grow empty, immediately called for more. "Aye," he cried, as the waiter brought a fresh supply, "we'll have you as warm as a fresh-baked potato, inside and out, before the night's done."

The wood-cutter smacked his lips and wiped his beard. "'Tis the best ale I've tasted since Little Jonathan's wedding feast."

"How say you to another," asked Flip, addressing the priest, whose fat old phiz was beginning to beam all over with comfortable contentment.

"Thanks, no more, I pray thee," murmured he, folding his arms across his body, and lying back in his chair.

"So be it," said Flip, draining another mug and thumping it down upon the bench beside him. "Every man to his own capacity."

Thus the night sped on, till the priest, after a hearty meal of roast chicken, betook himself decently to bed, leaving his two companions to pass the time as they might. The wood-cutter, who should have been off home to his wife some four hours ago, with chin on breast, his feet sprawled out in an ungainly manner on the floor in front of him, and a hand dangling down on each side of his chair, finally dropped off into a heavy slumber. Flip, too, beginning to feel somewhat drowsy, dragged a chair aside, and with his head thrown back against the wall, soon fell into a doze, in spite of the loud sonorous roll of the other's snoring.

Towards morning the wood-cutter woke up, yawned, and stretching himself, slowly looked about him. The approaching dawn crept pale and cold through the single small window, showing a white square from the furtive twilight of the room. A slender column of blue smoke from the dying fire rose languidly, endlessly wavering, shimmering, and disappearing. An occasional flame suddenly flared up from the blackened embers, casting queer shadows on the wall opposite, and went out again. Still he looked about him in a puzzled manner. Strange, he thought, his surroundings bore little resemblance to his own cottage, and with an eye to certain all-night revels in the none too distant past, his thoughts began to take on a somewhat sombre colour. He drew a mental picture of a furious spouse making ready for his belated return and he shivered all over. Finally, however, his roving eye alighted on the dozing Flip.



thence on the white cotton bag, lying snugly in his lap, and he understood his situation in a flash.

"So far so good," he muttered, and rising quietly to his feet, stole on tiptoe to the sleeper, drawing a lean knife from his girdle the while. Once again he looked round the room, this time to assure himself that no one was watching his movements, then, with a broad sweep of his arm, drove the knife full at the jester's throat.

Flip was like to go the way of all flesh then and there, with his manifold sins still unconfessed, had he not, like Mammon's good watchdog, been sleeping with one eye open. His observations of the night before had not been to little purpose, and with a deft jerk of his body the gleaming blade did him no other harm than pin his coat collar to the wall behind.

"So," he said coolly, "you're up to your old tricks, eh, Dad!"

The wood-cutter, who had hurriedly pulled out the blade again, in order to redeem himself for his so awkward first attempt, by finishing off his victim in a more masterly fashion, let the weapon fall with a clatter to the floor in his surprise. His lower jaw dropped, leaving his mouth wide open; and Flip, so far from being dismayed at his altogether unhealthy situation, was perforce constrained to grin all over his lean countenance at the imbecile expression in his would-be assassinator's face.

Recovering suddenly from his astonishment, he advanced a step, and grasping Flip by the ears gazed critically for a moment into his saucy phiz, as one might examine a new painting. "May the saints preserve me!" he exclaimed in a breath, "so it's Flip, my own lost son come back home at last."

"Yes, your own lost son, who would rather you wouldn't use his ears for handles," whined Flip, wincing, "and who came (——!) near having soul reft from body."

Then, the wood-cutter at last relinquishing his hold, Flip began to beam all over under the pleasant warmth of the paternal eye, now grown somewhat softer than was its usual expression; and with but a slight show of embarrassment, suffered himself to be embraced, having first very prudently tossed the abandoned knife away among the ashes on the hearth. Fatherly questions now fell thick and fast upon him, till at last, growing tired of answering them (not always with a strict regard to truth, we might add), Flip thrust a half-empty ale bottle to his parent's bewhiskered lips and walked over to the door, opened it, and looked out upon the awakening day.

Fine, dry, white snow, showing hardly a track upon its pure surface, caused him to blink as it reflected the bright beams of the rising sun. A light morning breeze swirled and drifted the snowflakes from numerous gabled house-tops, carrying it in little whirling eddies to the ground. The sun, gathering in strength as it mounted higher and higher in the heavens, began to melt it slightly, and it dripped in irregular tatoo on the street as it fell. Sounds came sharp to the ear through the crisp air. A baker farther up the street was sweeping the fresh-fallen snow from his doorstep, discussing the price of fuel the while with the cobbler across the way. The baker at last withdrawing indoors, Flip turned round to watch his father, who, with a bottle in one hand, was deeply engrossed in counting out his bag of gold with the other. He smiled

and looked out into the street again, just as a lank ungainly-looking fellow, with spectacles perched whimsically upon a hawk-like nose, bustled up to the tavern, and in a very matter-of-fact manner began to tack a sheet of paper upon the wall.

"Since when were you elected town clerk, my learned beetle-pate?" demanded Flip drily, recognising in the pedantic visage of the person before him, his schoolmaster of six odd years ago, and he stepped up behind him to peer over his shoulder at the notice. The old man had raised his hammer to drive the last tack in when that saucy outburst fell on his ears.

He stepped aside to survey him over his glasses, then very gravely, and at great length, as became one of his profound learning, he began to evoke the wrath of every pagan god upon Flip's frail head, expressed the hope that the Stygian ferry would spring a leak when his soul "made the passage," and words at last failing, consigned him mentally to the most darksome corner of Satan's kingdom, with a downright sweep of his hammer by way of emphasis.

But Flip's mind was for the immediate moment more concerned as to his present welfare, than his future salvation, and hence the words of outraged dignity fell unnoticed upon his head. Something in the Royal Proclamation on the wall before him made his knees tremble, and his cheeks lose their wanted colour. In brief, it offered a reward of one thousand konas for the capture, dead or alive, of a certain lean-faced person, a jester at the Royal Court at Para, who had felonously stolen from the king's treasury, who went by the name of Flip, who was last seen on the outskirts of Para on the morning of the day before, and who was like to be at the present moment in the town of Loyana, with many other "who's" which we deem it unnecessary to put before the reader.

Flip cast one guilty look at the old beadle, and with a sinking heart set out for the forest as fast as his legs could well carry him, leaving that individual staring after him in open-mouthed astonishment. The old man read the proclamation for the third time that morning and scratched his head thoughtfully, till it finally dawned upon his wandering wits that one thousand konas in the lean form of Master Flip were galloping with all haste down the king's highway.

Inside ten minutes his shrill calls for assistance had collected a dozen men, the wood-cutter among them, who set off in immediate pursuit. They followed his fresh tracks, angling off from the roadway, till they reached the forest. Into the forest they streamed, one by one, but Flip, who could set a hot pace whenever the need arose, led them a merry ramble, and in an hour's time they all sat down in the snow, tired and perspiring. One of their number, going some way on again, suddenly came upon fresh wolf tracks showing upon those of the fugitive, and he came back at once to inform the others.

"That's the end of the poor devil, then," said the wood-cutter, who had his own ends in view, and had already pocketed Flip's gold. "We might as well turn back home again." They all agreed to the proposal, leaving Flip to whatever the Fates might decree.

But, whatever happened to Flip, it is certain that the wolves didn't get him. They did, indeed, follow just so far as he was out of their sight: but when their leader, going like a grey flash through the trees, had a good view of his lank, lean legs and meagre figure, he stopped

short, and with a curse and a growl, loped back along the trail with his brush between his legs, and told the others that there wasn't a mouthful of good meat on his person; at which they cursed and growled too, and went their way.

It does seem a shabby trick to leave Flip stranded in the middle of a forest, perhaps to shiver to death in the cold air, but here the original manuscript ends. We might hazard the guess, however, that he found shelter at some hermit's cottage, or mayhap fell in with a band of robbers; or did he, like a wise fellow, clamber back once again into the pipe-dream from whence he emerged, thus very prudently to avoid dying the cruel death we poor mortals must!

—F. R. M.

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### EDUCATION, OLD AND NEW

This is the true-to-life story  
Told to me just last week,  
By a group of young College students  
Now hark! Let us hear them speak!

Our fathers frisked in the forest,  
Joyful youngsters were they;  
They never went to College,  
All that they did was play.

They hadn't to track down or Russell  
Around for the elusive x;  
Their knowledge was fresh, not like ours—Canned:  
The Riddell of life did not vex.

And all their young knowledge of Sand-er-sun,  
Was that of the shore and the sky.  
When 'twas wElli 'ot, as our cook would say,  
They'd swim in the lake nearby.

But when *we* feel the strain is too much by Farr—  
For it's really a-Paul-ing at times,  
We'll eat biscuits, yes, Christie's—they're wonderful—  
So sustaining on Trans-Astral climbs!

So we really don't envy our fathers,  
And we don't mind just who hears us say:  
There's no place like Victoria College,  
Here's three cheers for it—Hip, Hip, Hooray!

—Z.Y.X.

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"What is all that loud talking in the living-room, sister?"

"Father and mother are swapping animals."

"Swapping animals?"

"Yes, she passed the buck to him and got his goat."



## THE VALUE OF THE CLASSICS

In June, 1917, a conference on Classical studies in Liberal Education was held at Princeton University, under the chairmanship of Dr. John Grier Hibben, President of that distinguished institution. The time of the meeting coincided with the darkest period in the history of the human race. For three years almost all the nations of Europe had been locked in the most terrible conflict which has ever shocked humanity, and the United States of America had just cast her sword into the scale. A strange time, one might think, for some of the greatest intellects of this continent, and even of Europe (for evidence on the subject was obtained also from England and France) to discuss what must to most appear a trivial matter compared with the tremendous topics then engaging the world's attention.

But the great men who attended the Conference or who assisted it by their evidence had very good reasons for looking on the matter which they were called upon to discuss as one of exceeding importance. The tragic events of the war were awakening thinkers in all countries to the consideration of the value of a civilization in which such things could happen, and people were beginning to wonder whether Education was not in some measure responsible. They saw their countries fighting for freedom against "the almost perfect mechanism of an elaborately organized autocracy, barbarian in spirit, armed with every efficient practical appliance and devoid of regard for what they held most dear." They saw that an education which aimed at material successes only was a failure unless it also promoted the higher powers of the human soul.

It was accordingly for the purpose of taking stock in the Education of their country, and the subjects taught under its system and especially of examining into the value of a classical training that the Conference was summoned. The results arrived at were published in a volume entitled "*Value of the Classics*," by the Princeton University Press, a rather long report of 386 pages, containing the statements of nearly three hundred competent observers representing the leading interests of modern life, and including many of the highest names in America. Four Presidents of the United States head the distinguished list, which comprises the names of prominent educationists, scientists, medical men, lawyers, newspaper editors, railway presidents, business men, and many others whose opinions were worth having. Many of them were classical scholars, others had little or no knowledge of Latin or Greek, but whose keen observation makes their opinions both interesting and valuable. The testimony converges steadily to one main conclusion, namely, that classical studies are of essential value in the best type of liberal education.

The space allotted to this paper, of course, precludes the possibility of condensing this vast mass of evidence into a coherent and intelligent argument. A few quotations, however, bringing out some of the principal points in favour of classical studies may be of interest.

*Andrew F. West, Dean of the Graduate School, Princeton University—*

"But for the mass of English-speaking men, rare spirits excepted, the best use of English is not attained without knowing the sources whence our mother tongue draws its life. Nearly half of it is Latin. The better we know Latin, then, the better our use of English. And as the important modern languages, French, Spanish, Italian, are simply

Latin in modern guise, Latin is the surest and quickest help to learning them. It is their ancestral home and largely ours also."

*Dr. Lewellyn F. Barker, Professor of Clinical Medicine, John Hopkins University—*

"When we recall the terminology of the sciences, especially of medicine, we must regard Latin and Greek as actual vocational subjects for the study of science and for the prospective doctor of medicine. Many a physician who entered medicine, as I did, with 'little Latin and less Greek,' regrets that he had not more. I would urge every young person looking forward to medicine as a career to devote some time to classical studies. Indeed, I shall go farther and say that a total inaptitude for the study of Latin and Greek should make one gravely question his fitness for a medical career. Some men, it is true, have achieved success in medicine without any study of either Latin or Greek. But a knowledge of the classics will give a man a larger chance of success than he could otherwise have."

*Lewis Buckley Stillwell, Consulting Engineer, New York City—*

"To mention a specific reason why the scientist and the engineer should be well drilled by competent instructors in at least one inflected language, my observation has led to the conviction that the systematic and painstaking translation of Latin, for example, is of particular value in impressing upon the mind the great importance of precision in the expression of a thought. Particularly in science and in engineering is it true that the *best* word must be found. Mere approximation is not only inadmissible, but often worse than useless. It is not sufficient that an engineer's report be so written that it can be understood; it should be written that it can not be misunderstood. And unquestionably it is a fact that inadequate and inaccurate statement is one of the most common and serious handicaps of the average graduate of a technological school."

*Charles R. Miller, Editor of The New York Times, New York City—*

"However acquired, there must be an instructed discrimination in the use of the elements of the language, a sense always clear and sure of the just word. That discriminating sense comes, if it be unfailing, can come only, through knowledge of the origin, history and composition of words. It is my observation and judgment that the surest way, certainly the shortest way to the acquisition of this sense of value leads through the texts of the Greek and Latin authors and the less alluring but indispensable pages of the grammarians. That conviction rests upon a good many years of observation. I should give it much emphasis if I were called upon to advise in this matter young men looking forward to a newspaper career."

*Elihu Root, President American Bar Association, 1915—*

"I am a firm believer in the value of studying Greek and Latin. Although in after life one may forget much that he has learned, he can never lose the influence upon his character. Even a slight appreciation of those wonderful races from whom so much of our civilization has come, gained by studying intently the very words they spoke and wrote, tends to broaden the student's vision and enlarge his understanding of life."

*Statement of Fifty Professors of Cornell University—*

"We, the undersigned professors (or one-time professors) of Cornell University, should prefer as students of our respective subjects those who have included both Greek and Latin among their preparatory studies rather than those who have neglected those studies in favor of modern languages or of our own respective subjects."—Statement signed by fifty Professors of Mathematics, Mechanical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Economics, Botany, Zoology, Psychology, Modern Languages, Philosophy, etc., in April, 1911.

*Lyman Abbott, Editor of The Outlook, New York City—*

"My first remembrance of grammar is my study of the Latin grammar, which gave me, so far as I now can see, whatever knowledge I possess of the structure of language."

*Manifesto of the French Academy—*

"There is no lack of harmony between scientific training and the humanities, which, far from constituting a useless school of elegance, form the best exercise and the surest discipline of the mind."

The above-quoted extracts, taken more or less at random, are merely specimens—perhaps not even the most interesting specimens—of the three hundred written statements as to the great value of classical studies made by the most prominent men of the day in the Professions, in Politics, in Business and in Industrial pursuits. The writer has selected mainly those which relate to the more practical advantages of the study of Latin and Greek, which can be obtained by students who have not yet mastered these languages sufficiently to be able to read them at sight. The incalculable advantages acquired by students more advanced in their studies of Latin and Greek or both, are laid down at great length by some of the writers in the Report. There is no space allotted to me, however, to quote more on the subject.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the Report is the statistics at the end of the book. By a comparison of the classical and non-classical students in thirteen universities in the United States it was found that in individual non-classical subjects the classical students show a marked superiority over the non-classical. The deductions to be drawn from that statement may be open to argument, but the Editor allows me no more space to enlarge upon it.

—E. B. P.

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Recently one of our teachers asked us to translate the sentence: "*It was too much for him.*" A few seconds later a manly voice asked in shocked accents if the sentence was: "*She was too much for him.*"

Young man, I am afraid your mind is occupied with the transient follies of this wicked world. Your question indicates a lightness of mind, a weakness of character. You, who should be pondering the more serious aspects of life, give utterance to a speech which shows the train of thought which you are wont to pursue. Awake from your frivolity and join the rank of earnest thinkers!!

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An Irish editor says he sees no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.



## THESE MORNING BELLS

The fell hand of Time, it has whitened my hair,  
As the cold blast of autumn mars blossoms once fair;  
And the black ship of Death makes ready for sea,  
For the hollow-eyed captain is waiting for me.

And I see friendly faces of long vanished years,  
Through eyes that are misty with gathering tears:  
And they pass to and fro through a halo of light  
As Death's sable spectre looms out of the night.

And some they are pensive and look not my way;  
I wonder, dear God, if I've turned them away!  
By an ill-timed truth that was meant but in jest,  
Or are these youthful friends already at rest?

But the ship it is ready and will soon be at sea;  
The hollow-eyed captain is waiting for me:  
And the sad faces brighten and smile with the rest,  
For they're passengers, too, for the next sailing west.

And I stagger on board as the cable swings free,  
With the bells of the churches all ringing for me;  
And I stretch with a yawn and thrust out an arm,  
To stifle the purr of my blasted alarm.

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Student (reading Virgil): Three times I strove to cast my arms  
about her neck and——, that's as far as I got, sir.

Professor: Well, Brown, I think that was quite far enough.

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John—I am going to work my way through College by writing.

Mary—What kind of writing?

John—Writing home.

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There was a young lady named Hope,  
With trig. she always could cope;  
When she did not stay away  
She was here every day,  
This clever young lady named Hope.

## THE SICKLE MOON

It was early evening. A sickle moon shone in the sky and silver stars began to glisten overhead. The red sunset had not yet passed away and its crimson flush still cast a glow over the little white cottage and its tiny garden. A light breeze rustled through the willow by the gate and wafted the sweet scent of mignonette and lavender to us where we sat on the oaken bench beneath the old apple tree "that grandfather planted, my dear!"

The little old lady drew her shawl about her with frail, white hands, and rose, quaintly dignified.

"It is a wee bit chill in the garden tonight, my dear, and if you will pardon an old lady's weakness, I think we will go inside."

I had come under strict doctor's orders to stay in this little eastern village, where life ran the even tenor of its way, and nothing ever happened to break its calm, except the occasional advent of a visitor such as I. And soon even I stood agog when a stranger appeared.

The little white house of Elsa Grey was the Mecca of all such pilgrimages and it was there I found peace and sanctuary when I needed it most. But it was not until that night when we had gone from the garden into the little parlor where the fire burned brightly and the candles flickered on the mantle, that I learned the secret of the little house by the roadside, the little house that was called "Sickle Moon."

And there, while we were sitting by the grate, she rocking and knitting contentedly, and I gazing idly into the fire as became a person of enforced leisure, there came a knock, knock, knocking, so faint, so light, it scarcely broke the surface of my abstraction and I did not notice that the clicking needles were quiet and the rocker had ceased to squeak. But it came again—from the shadowy corner of the room over by the mahogany spinet, untouched for years, with its yellowed keys, and its polished surface. I glanced over my shoulder but could see nothing in the gloom, so settled down to my dreaming once more. But, there—again! This time I looked at Miss Elsa. She was sitting forward, her knitting dropped in her lap, and her hands gripped the arms of her chair till her knuckles showed white. Her blue eyes were wide and the corners of her mouth curved in a smile, half-wistful, half-terrified.

Three times we heard it—that was all. And then the quivering room seemed to sink back into silence. The little lady sat still and tense for a long time, but at last she broke the quiet. It was to tell me this story:

"My dear, you have heard it! The knock that has broken the stillness of many a summer night like this. Let me tell you about it, for you will not hear it in the village even though you ask. Long, long ago, the first of our family—I think it must have been my great-great-grandfather—came to these shores, bringing his young wife with him, and built this little cottage by the road that ran to the sands. They had two sons. The eldest worked with his father in the fields and woods that stretched across the country. But the youngest was different—somehow! He was a fair boy with blue eyes and a laughing mouth, and he seemed to have a strange kinship with the sea that boomed or sang on the shore not far below.

"He used to wander down to the beach and sit there for hours, his eyes on the distant horizon and his mad-cap brain full of no-one-knows-

what dreams. And so, one night when the moon was high and a ship hung at full sail just out beyond the little bay, he crept from the house for the last time, with one parting look at the sleeping face of his mother, and her likeness against his heart. Down through the silent hall and this quiet room, past the dead embers in the grate, and out through that little door whose key has long since rusted in the lock."

The tiny door she spoke of I had not noticed before. The spinet stood against it and the heavy shadows seemed to cloak it from view. She paused a moment and then went on:

"Down the little path that goes through the yew hedge, and down the white road towards the beach he went, and vanished in the night. They never saw him again! His mother died still mourning her lost son, and his father and brother both passed away having found no trace of the wandering boy. Some say he sailed across the seas to the Spanish wars where he fell in battle; others say he lay captive for many a year in a pirate ship that roamed the waters. No one knows!

"But every month when the moon is high, in the stillness of the early night, he comes again. Up the winding road he walks with his head thrown back and always the same smile on his lips; in through the gap in the yew hedge, down the little path to the door, and then—he knocks three times! I think he waits for his mother. But, each time, disappointed and disheartened, he turns towards the sea once more—to be gone till the next sickle moon."

The fire had burned low and the candles had gone out. The perfume from a bouquet of pinks filled the room. The faint silver light of the moon filtered in through the curtains and, looking out the window, for a moment I seemed to see through the little old lady's eyes the vision of a boy, with downcast head and faltering steps, in the wavering glimmer of the moonlight, dragging down the road that ran to the sands.

—H. C. C.

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### THE WINTER SKY

The lord of day has long since gone,  
Behind the banked clouds steep;  
A lone star twinkles in the east,  
Sirius the watch doth keep.

With blazing belt and radiant sword,  
Orion trails the sky.  
Aldebaran with fiery look  
Watches the world on high.

Bold Leo and the Sisters Seven,  
Sweep on with stately air,  
While ruddy Mars, the wanderer,  
Burns through the ether fair.

The pageant moves, those suns sweep on,  
In silent revel gay,  
Till rosy dawn doth lift its head,  
The stellar kings hold sway.

—R. M. Petrie.



## Personals

### ARTS '27

MILDRED BARKER—One of the "Heavenly Trio." Mildred is the Editor-in-Chief of the *Annual*, and a loyal supporter of all College activities.

"Barker was head of the school, sir,  
Barker, dear old Barker!  
And Socrates to her was a fool, sir,  
Barker, dear old Barker!  
She could cross the Asses' Bridge in the dark,  
And swallow Psychology like a shark,  
And Logic to her, indeed, was a lark,  
Barker, dear old Barker!"

MURIEL BOWES—Muriel is a conscientious student, with a smile and pleasant word for everyone. She is on the executive of the S.C.M., and one of its ardent supporters. We miss her canine friend.

"Love me, love my dog."

HESTER CLEVELAND—"She was chubby and plump, a right jolly young elf." Besides being chief cook and bottle-washer in "Quality Street," she is a sub-editor of the *Annual*, and an ardent supporter of the social functions at the College.

"Ladies, where were your bright eyes glancing,  
Where were they glancing yestere'en?  
Saw ye not Imogene dancing,  
Danced she not with a grace entrancing,  
Danced she not with a joy serene?"

ELMA COLES—Another of the "Heavenly Trio." Dr. Paul's ex-heckler, now official heckler of the "Famous Thirteen," where she has proved to the entire satisfaction (?) of the remaining twelve her undoubted ability in this regard. Elma is one of our best students, and, what's more, a jolly good sport.

"I never knew a single soul could be so sweet."

RUTH COPELAND—At present Bee is suffering from a broken heart, as her faithful shadow has deserted her for the fatal attraction of Maths.

"Bee of Arts '27, blow your horn,  
Where are those cross-word stockings gone?  
With a twinkling smile and a nod of her head,  
'Into my cardigan, sir,' she said."

ALICE DILL—A quiet little maid, but very brilliant, especially in French. She is never seen without Mildred. Alice is a great supporter of the rights of cats—but—let no dogs come within her sight!

"She revels in Latin; in French she is fine,  
But Mathematics is still more in her line!"

KATHLEEN EVEREST — A most admirable student, but with a saving spice of humor which makes its appearance at most unexpected moments. Moreover, she is a very determined young lady—witness the struggle which she put up for the back row in a certain class!

"A modest violet."



MONA GRAHAM—Good things are done up in small parcels! Mona is small, but——. Oh, my! We don't think we could get on without her. She is a great worker on the refreshment committee.

"Music is the speech of angels;  
On with the dance!"

DOROTHY GREENWOOD—"Dot" announces every blue Monday morning that she is going to turn over a new leaf. You must have turned over a volume by now, Dot! Blest with more than her share of the musical talent of the College, Dorothy is always ready to help us at our college functions. At other times she favours us with such strictly classical selections as "Hinkey Dinkey."

HILDA GUY—Hilda is one of our star students—the most valuable source of information for Arts '27. But she isn't as quiet in the common room as one might think, and is always ready to expound the principles of logic to her less brilliant chums. (Our professor wonders why we do so poorly).

"Wearing all that weight of learning  
Lightly, like a flower."

DOROTHY KIMBALL—One of the many!!! members of the second year who hide a wealth of knowledge under a cloak of silence. Dorothy is a bear at Latin, and a wizard at vocabulary tests. We wish we knew her better.

EUNICE KONG—A wizard with words, but a silent student. Eunice is our class artist—just take a look at her exercise books and you'll believe us! We like Eunice.

JESSIE MACDONALD—One of those lucky few who have no need to study. Jessie is a member of the social committee, and an able president of the S. C. M.

"I wish I was a little stone  
A-sittin' on the hill,  
A-doin' nothin' all day long  
But just a-sittin' still."

MARGARET MAY—Last, but not least in importance, of the "Heavenly Trio." Margaret loves Maths.—she eats 'em up—but she prefers them flavoured with Astronomy.

1st Soph: "Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!"

2nd Soph: Ask Margaret—she'll know.

JEAN MUSGRAVE—Behold our Mathematical genius! A quiet, conscientious student, but still Jean has time to prove herself one of the starettes on our basketball team. She loves Algebra, Geometry and Calculus. As Browning said:—

"De gustibus non est disputandum."

CHIYO NISHIMOTO—Chiyo has a tendency to say, and do, appropriate things at inopportune moments, while

"Malignant fate sits by and smiles."

Lately she has been particularly busy trying to——well, to cheer us up. Amid the rush occasioned by this very necessary relief-work, she has been heard sighing softly: "O, leave me leisure to be good!" Favorite saying: "Oh, you cat! Come on, Hilda."



MILDRED ORR—A quiet, demure, unbobbed maiden, generally seen in company with Alice Dill. Together they can tackle any of the French-iest French idiomatic sentences Madame insists on giving us.

"She often burnt the midnight oil  
In search of useful knowledge."

PATSY ROBINSON—Patsy is one of those happy individuals who can successfully combine work and play.. She is a star basketball player and is secretary of the Players' Club. We all admire and covet the ease with which she translates Latin.

"She rushes headlong to the dangerous flood  
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps."

Nevertheless, she always emerges, covered with glory, and will be remembered gratefully by her fellow-sufferers as the champion life-saver of the class.

NANCY ROSS—As President of the Women's Athletics and their only representative on the Students' Council, Nancy fulfils her duties and upholds the honour of her sisters. Popular, and a fine sport, she holds a prominent place in all College activities. She is the missing link between the students and the faculty. Whenever you wish to find her, look at the trysting-place, where she will be found, surrounded by her satellites and others. Favorite saying: —

"I don't like to be tickled under the chin."

GEORGIA RUDGE—One of those peculiar people who prefer Maths. to History. We don't know how she endures the separation from Bee, which her choice of subjects makes necessary.

HELEN HAYWARD—Helen is a pretty little maid, who shines especially in Economics lectures. As a portrayer of Phœbe in the spring play, we predict a brilliant success for her. We hope that her activities in this line will not be interrupted by Lent, but feel that nothing could mar the excellence of her acting. Her favorite song and saying:—

"Oh, Peter!"

DOUGLAS ALCORN—Intellectual prodigy of the second year. His intelligent expression is imitated by all Sophomores when they want to pretend they know the answer to a question in class. Noted for his ability to see immediately the professors' jokes, also for the hysterical response that follows. He is, however, much admired by the second year.

HAROLD BLACKETT—An animated example of brain power. "Socrates" delights in the use of simple terms in expounding the theory of mathematics to his intellectual comrades of the front row. His most enlightening arguments with the literature and economics professors are always enjoyed by the second year. Remember

"I'm from the prairies!!"

ASHLEY BOYDEN—Ash is unassuming and quiet, but, judging from his success in the tests, he must have some vocabulary. Anyway, he doesn't say much, but no doubt thinks all the more. He also inhabits the back row, and his attentive expression (really a state of sleep) does more than anything else towards the demoralizing effect of that place of evil.



JOHN FOUBISTER—A worthy member of that august and much abused body, "The Students' Council." He sometimes decorates the lecture room with his presence, since he can only cut one-eighth of his classes, and spends his spare time amusing the ladies, for his only fault seems to be his great susceptibility to the blandishments of the fair.

AUDSLEY RHODES—A prominent hoop player on the College team—he might know by this time he can't fill the basket with a hole in it! "Auds" takes a partial course in College subjects and law, and, incidentally, during lectures he is the chief source of amusement to frequenters of the second year Common Room. Highest ambition: To sleep in on Tuesday morning!

RAYMOND V. BOWERS—"A young lad with large ideas." A handsome youth with a cheerful smile and determined business-like air, Ray is the overworked (?) secretary of the Students' Council. But still he manages to play basketball in his spare moments and to assist at all College social functions. He is also noted for his ability to handle Mr. McBryer.

WILLIAM WINTER—The wit, satire and noise of all the second year put together—that's Bill! It has even been whispered that he is an atheist, but we believe only in regard to women. Whenever his name appears on the programme of the Literary Society he is warmly welcomed and, as a man of some note in our small literary world, has gained the respect of all.

WILLIAM W. BLANKENBACH—"Our little roundhead." Pumps gas all summer and lets it off in the fall. The one who proposed electrocution for the Freshies last fall. But on the whole he is a fine fellow, both in Maths. 2 with his ingenious wit, and in making the College Ball the success it was.

"Hey, Bill! have you heard this one?"

EDWARD BAISLER—Eddie has a special liking for Latin and Kick-over (I wonder how Latin got in there?). He is frequently used as a decoration for the checker table and is noted for his consistency in attending lectures both in and out of the common room. A fine student who will carry the good name of the College along with him.

ROBERT THORPE—Although this young Apollo hails from Saanich, he is one of the intellectual giants of Victoria College. His deep interest in Literature, particularly Chaucer, is well known. Although noted for his regular and punctual attendance at lectures, Bob is otherwise considered quite human. As a member of the Annual Ball Committee his efforts contributed much to its success.

ALLAN ROBERT KILLEN—Allan is secretary of the S. C. M. He spends his spare time studying, and when he has no more time, studies some more. A good fellow, nevertheless. Favourite pastime: Looking at his watch.

H. D. DEE—As President of the Alma Mater Society this year, Harry has seen that student affairs have been tactfully and successfully carried out, and has always been willing to lend a helping hand to the College activities. He is a good student and his activities in the realm of economics point to a brilliant political career. "Omar" is a jolly good fellow. Eh, Sophs?

"By the bald-headed ———!"



JOHN ZARELLI—A woman hater, John has always held a high place in Arts '27. His fame was won partly by being caught shivering while "Paradise Lost" was read, and partly by his proficiency at the game of checkers. However, morally, John is a pillar of strength to the Sophomore year, and we wish him good luck in the future.

DONNIE GREENWOOD—Victoria College's dazzling full-back, who takes a leading position in the rear. Has a well-balanced mind and splits his head in the centre. Has a *checkered* career. Under the directions prescribed by "Russell's Student Mathematical Company" he now eats daily "Russell's Mathematical Figures" and reports his 100 per cent ability for work.

BERT BAILEY—Our illustrious president of the "Lit" is most energetic in upholding the interests of the College as a whole. A star of our basketball five and a member of the rugby team. In his spare moments Bert can be located in the vicinity of the Second Year Common Room radiator. We shall always remember—

"The silver-tongued orator."

ROBERT A. R. SMITH—"Do your stuff, Sandy!" clamours the mob, watching the royal game of kickover as Smic prepares to add the winning points. And he does, too, getting covered with the tennis court mud in the process, such is his valour and zeal. Yes, Robert's a generous and open-hearted companion whether cutting up in the back row or playing checkers.

FRED MCINTYRE—Our literary genius!—or at least a Masefield in embryo—and a mainstay of the rugby team. That's Fred!

"A most partial partial."

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## WHISPERS OUT OF THE DARKNESS

(From the Second-Year Common Room)

Mornin'! How's she goin', eh? No, not so bad. Say, did you hear about——? What? Yeh! Pretty rank, eh? My gosh! Russell, get off my feet! I'm not made of cement. Oh, Bill! Got that French done? No? Well, I guess I'll leave it then. By the way, you owe me ten cents, no, fifteen. What for? I dunno; just thought you did, that's all. BANG! CRASH! !!\*\*\*\*?! Leave my books alone. Say, for the love o' Mike, somebody SHUT THAT DOOR! Say, Bert——eh? I'll say! Sits next to me—yes, so's my aunt! Yeh, got hit hard all right—all chewed up, eh? What's all chewed up? Dunno; gum, I guess! Russel, for Peter's sake, get OFF MY FEET! What? Bert's nose bust? Huh! Good job, too——. Oh, pardon me, Bert; didn't see you! Say, good party last night, eh? Yeh, you bet! Close the door and I'll tell you all about it. Go away, Billy Hall; you're too small to listen to scandal. Get, see! Oh, heck! there goes the bell—get out my way—I got to beat it—Coming, Bill? Let's fade. CRASH! Look out! Oh! !!\*\*\*\*?! Russel, WILL YOU GET OFF MY FEET!

—“A Frosh.”

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

The writer having had the privilege last year of visiting the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, thought a few of his impressions might be interesting. In the first place, the objects of the exhibition may be summarized under three heads: First, to find, in the development of raw materials, new sources of wealth for the Empire; secondly, to foster inter-imperial trade; and lastly, though chiefly, to bring the different races of the far-flung Empire into more intimate association.

To give even a brief outline of the general appearance of the grounds, the huge buildings, and of their multitudinous contents, would require a great deal of space. Perhaps the best plan would be to skip from point to point, only noticing objects of special interest.

The whole aspect of the exhibition was enchanting. The grounds suggested fairy-land, with huge white pavilions of every imaginable style of architecture, set in cool, green surroundings of lawns and shade trees and masses of wonderful flowers, and approached by broad grey gravelled drives with sign-posts bearing quaint names of Kipling's choosing, and artistic lamp posts carrying miniature terrestrial globes.

The Canadian Government has erected a stately building on classical lines, which covers four and a half acres. Inside, the great Central Hall attracts most attention. Beneath the lofty ceiling extends a line of gorgeous decorations of beaver and maple leaves done entirely in colored grains, below which are recesses containing silhouette scenes illuminated to give most realistic effects. One of these depicts a log cabin in a fir forest, with cheerful lighted windows twinkling through the trees. On the floor level are a series of large alcoves in which are life-like models of typical Canadian scenery—prairie, with moving trains in the distance, and acres of stooked wheat; the Niagara Falls, and harbor scenes, including Vancouver; mountain country with snow and firs and mountain sheep, and orchards with real trees and fruit, in all of which the materials are so adroitly arranged that it is difficult to discern just where the objects cease and the painted background begins.

A source of wonder to many was the manner in which the model steamers in the Vancouver scene, without any visible means of propulsion, continually moved without collision over the water. The secret was discovered if one gained permission to enter the basement, where a complex system of wires was arranged, suspended beneath which were little electrical motors that moved slowly along, drawing with them powerful magnets which attracted the iron in the hulls of the ships above. An object of never-ending popularity, particularly to the English people, was a life-sized model of the Prince of Wales and his horse before the ranch-house at Red River, executed entirely in butter. The display of fruit was probably one of the best ever seen in England. Despite the fact that Canadian apples, owing to the time of year, were past their prime, there was no comparison between them and the vaunted Australian fruit.

Timber, mining and fishing were all represented by imposing displays. An idea of the hazy conception of Canadian life held by the great masses in England can be gathered from the following incident: One of the manufacturing firms had erected a silo as an exhibit. The official in charge was asked one day by an elderly lady, "Is that the kind of house they live in in Canada?"



Standing at the summit of the wide steps leading to the main entrance one looks over the sparkling blue waters of the long artificial lake, with its gardens, trees and graceful bridges, to the huge white Palaces of Industry and of Engineering. The Indian Pavilion seen through the trees is sufficient to carry one away on the magic carpet of fancy to the mysterious teeming East, the land of extreme opulence and of extreme poverty—the land of Cathay. Standing under its great white arches, one's glance roves over the hot paved court, with a tinkling fountain in the centre of the glare, down shadowed cloisters, and up past the slender arches to the great white domes and lofty minarets. Inside are hundreds of interesting things to take our attention. There is a white-robed potter, who sits before a clumsy wooden wheel which he turns with one hand, and yet turns out exquisite bowls and vases. Farther on two bearded Sikhs crouch at a rough loom, tying thousands of bits of dyed wood to a net, and producing a soft thick carpet of amazing richness. Nearby is to be seen one of the finest of such pieces in existence, a carpet-coat, worth \$2,500.00, which contains from eight hundred to eleven hundred knots per square inch, every one tied by hand. The carving in wood and ivory is marvellous, some of the pieces in sandal-wood contained parts as fine as thin thread. Many weirdly-shaped weapons, all covered with inlaid brass, copper and silver, looked more fantastic than dangerous. Hundreds of intricately embroidered silks represented, each one, the sole product of a man's labor for a year.

The Palace of Industries contained almost every conceivable machine and product of modern factories. In one section one saw hundreds of great clanking and clattering machines that washed, carded, dried, spun and wove cotton and wool. There is a bread-making plant which turns out twelve hundred loaves per hour, untouched by hand from the ingredient stage to the weighed and wrapped loaf. One can watch the manufacture of paper, of boots and shoes, of pottery, of pins and needles, in short of the entire range of commodities required by the far-flung markets of the world.

Just across a wide road is the Palace of Engineering, with a floor space of over half a million square feet. This is truly a "wonder house," where engines and machines, from tiny watches to three-hundred-ton cranes can be found. A most graphic illustration of the advance in engineering during eighty years is afforded by a railway exhibit of a quaint little engine, Stevenson's original "Rocket," beside "The Flying Scotchman," one hundred and twenty shining tons of power. A huge anchor weighing eight tons and cast in one piece, gives an idea of the enormous pieces handled in modern foundries. One may see here a sixteen-inch naval gun, which fires a shell weighing two thousand pounds a distance of eleven miles.

In the fine pavilion of the Dominion of New Zealand are imposing displays of wool, butter and frozen meat. An interesting exhibit designed to show the efficiency of refrigerative methods of meat transportation consists of a number of blocks of ice containing fish, and others delicate chrysanthemums which are perfectly preserved, even the subtle tints being unchanged. At each end of the pavilion are interesting native houses. One is a very ornate carved structure, called "Ko-mata-atua," which was presented by the Maori chiefs to King Edward when Prince of Wales. Inside are more pieces of carving, remarkably fine, inasmuch as they were done with crude flint knives. Amongst the exhibits was the



carved prow of the leading Maori canoe which went out to meet Captain Cook on his second voyage to the South Seas. A Samoan "Fale" at the other end of the pavilion is constructed entirely without nails or fastenings other than ties, of which there are over half a million.

Malaya has exhibits showing the preparation of crepe rubber and gutta-percha, of which it produces two-thirds of the world's supply, and also of its valuable tin mines, the richest in the world. The ratan, used in chair-making, is native to the Malay Peninsula, where it attains amazing lengths, one cane exhibited being five hundred and forty feet long.

Sarawak, better known, perhaps, as British North Borneo, has great wealth in oil and coal. A model shows the great four-mile pipe at Lutong, used for loading oil tankers which can not come nearer to shore because of the extreme shallowness of the water. Sago, the pulp contained in the trunks of various species of palms, is almost entirely produced in Sarawak. On a lighter, perhaps grimmer side, is a stuffed thirty-foot python, killed immediately after it had swallowed a large pig.

Although too closely resembling our own country to have quite the glamor of the remote and little known outposts of Empire, Australia, nevertheless, has several exhibits of interest. Indicating the importance of dairying on the island-continent is a monster cheese, weighing over three hundred pounds. Grapes and pears flourish, as evinced by pears of almost three and a half pounds weight. Here can be seen the famous Southern Cross Pearl, a freak in which nature has joined together seven large pearls to form an almost perfectly symmetrical cross.

Bermuda is represented by a pretty building which is an exact reconstruction of "Walsingham," the house of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, who spent some years on the island. Inside is the bell of the "Shannon," which in 1813, after a thrilling fight, captured the American "Chesapeake" off Boston Harbor. Bermuda is the home of the gorgeous white Bermuda Lily, hundreds of which grow in the grounds about the pavilion.

A huge, reddish, mud-walled enclosure contains the buildings of the West African Colonies, Nigeria, the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone. The walls are a faithful replica on a smaller scale of those of Kano, the chief city in Nigeria, which are thirteen miles long and forty feet thick at the base. In the compound natives may be seen making crude pottery, carving fantastic figures, and weaving long cotton cloths. An exhibit giving an idea of the African skill in carving, is a bicycle made entirely from wood, which was made, and ridden (though one is moved to wonder if walking had not been preferable) by a Gold Coast boy.

The East African Pavilion represents many little-known but extensive possessions, including Tanganyika, Uganda, Kenya and the Sudan. The great David Livingstone, whose story everyone knows, opened up much of this rich country. There was always a crowd of people around an exhibit of some personal effects of this intrepid missionary. Looking at his mute pistols and surgical instruments one marvelled to think what fascinating stories they could tell of the great dark continent. The visitor may see the letter and sketch map, written in his lonely tent out in the steaming wilds of equatorial Africa, in which Livingstone announces the discovery of Lake Nyassa. Most interesting of all is a piece from a tree-trunk near Itala, Central Africa, on which his head boy carved the pathetic inscription: "Dr. Livingstone died here May 3, 1873."

The Burmese pavilion is a mass of intricate teak carving, in which hundreds of tiny bells tinkle musically with the slightest breeze. The

native arts and crafts exhibits contain pieces of carving in ivory, and of beautiful silver work that are unexcelled throughout the world.

The magnificent jewels are a feature of the Ceylon exhibits. A moonstone, worth \$10,000.00, is on view, with rubies an inch across and several sapphires as large as pigeon's eggs.

A cobbled street, replete with tiny stalls, signs bearing weird characters, and that indescribable odour, represents Hong Kong. The silk exhibit shows the whole range of silk culture, winding, spinning and weaving. Thousands of eggs of the silkworm moth are hatched daily, and the resulting larvæ are handled with miniature chop-sticks, being taken one at a time and placed in large baskets containing minced mulberry leaves on which thousand of rapacious caterpillars feed. The yellowish cocoons are placed in boiling water, and after softening, the end of the silk is somehow discovered by a nimble-fingered Chinese lady, passed through a hook and drawn with a dozen others upon a revolving steel drum. The drums of silk are placed on a crude but ingenious wooden machine worked by another tireless woman, and it is twisted together to form shining pale yellow raw silk. This silk is then threaded on a primitive-looking loom and woven into fine silken cloth. Some of the men worked with their feet as much as with hands. One who inlaid tiny bits of kingfisher feathers into silver filigree work looked like nothing so much as an ape, with deformed body and a close-cropped, mis-shapen head into which an ancient pair of steel spectacles had made two deep holes. The carving is consummately skilful, though often directed towards objects of little use; for instance, wonderful ivory balls cut from a solid piece, containing twenty-two separate lace-like spheres, one inside the other.

The British Guiana pavilion contains a forty-foot model of the Khaiteur Falls, which have a sheer drop of seven hundred and forty-two feet and are the highest in the world. There are realistic jungle scenes with brilliantly plumaged birds and sheeny butterflies, snakes and animals in a setting of native trees and shrubs. A life-like touch is given by huge-billed toucans and lively parrakeets that fly around, apparently accepting their surroundings as being quite natural. A model of a diamond pit containing thirty tons of rich gravel can be seen, with native miners who find several two to six carat diamonds a day. A piece of green-heart exhibited was submerged in the Manchester Ship Canal for thirty years, but has suffered absolutely no visible deterioration.

The imposing concrete building of His Majesty's Government contains many relics of historical interest. Here may be seen the dented and battered bugle on which the signal for the charge of the Light Brigade was blown; the red silk sash of Sir John Moore, stained with his life-blood at Corunna, and used to lower his body into the unknown grave; the cape worn by Grace Darling when she rowed out with her father to save the crew of the ill-fated *Forfarshire*, and the cloak on which Wolfe died on the Plains of Abraham when Quebec was taken.

In the Department of Aeronautics a marvellous triumph of modern science is exhibited—a fourteen cylinder Rolls-Royce water-cooled aeroplane engine developing 705 horse-power and weighing only one and a half pounds per horse-power. On the floor of the central court is a relief map of the world on Mercator's projection, about seventy-five feet long and twenty feet wide, with hundreds of tiny steamers proceeding along the great trade routes, and an electrical contrivance that illuminates in red

those portions of the world from which come various staple articles enumerated on a screen.

This wonderful maps crowns the effect of the entire exhibition, and causes one to realize more clearly than ever before, the extent, importance and existing conditions of life of this mighty league of mighty nations.

—L. J. C.

### A STUDENT'S DEDUCTION

(With apologies to Thomas Sackville)

Pale Luna from her throne in the sky,  
Sent forth soft rays upon the thorn-clad earth,  
And Boreas thrust with harsh and chilly breath  
Deep shafts into the bosom of the night.  
I pondered long upon the sore mischance  
That follows hapless students as they roam  
Within the cloisters of their colleges.  
At last, as I did sit upon a stone,  
A ghastly form before me then arose,  
All draped in black, with eyes of fiery red,  
That pierced me through until methought I was  
No more a human form, but shriveled dust—  
And with a sound like thunder's mighty roar,  
Thus that dread apparition me address'd.  
"Shirker art thou, vile worm, I know of yore  
Thou oft has spent the golden hours of night  
Veering from right to left, from left to right,  
And gazing deep in brown or greyish eyes,  
Or breathing soft the fragrance of fair locks;  
What trifles these! What baubles! What pursuits  
To follow hard upon a wax-ed floor!  
"My name, forsooth, you ask, my name now know,  
Examinations, I who yearly reap  
The golden ears and many a wasted head;  
I follow hard on Time, who is so fleet,  
Until when Mercy has her patience lost,  
I hold within my grasp the thoughtless ones.  
"Come forth, and follow in my steps  
To where the River Styx his way betakes;  
A timely warning now to you be given,  
A trumpet blast to rouse from sloth  
Thy slumbering soul and conscience chained fast;  
Perchance 'tis not too late to make amends,  
To yield thy votive offerings to the gods."  
Upon the slippery path now fast we sped,  
Until upon my horror-stricken sight  
Loomed large the fatal entrance of dread realms.  
I stopped, and sore did quake, for I did see,  
Crouching beside a lake of darkest hue,  
A weeping form in rags of vilest sort:  
Subjunctive was her name, as well I knew.



Around her knees her starving children throng,  
She calls by name the bony, shrieking crew,  
Il Faut, Seul, Dernier, Unique, and no more  
I heard, for I did thrust upon my ears  
My quivering hands, and sought to find again  
The entrance whence I came, but ere I reached  
The portal's rim, restraining hands me caught.  
On, on, I fared, with heart of molten lead,  
And saw within a gloomy, fetid den.  
Green sinuous forms that raised aloft and gnashed  
Their horrid jaws. I was transfixed  
Unto the spot when I did see again  
Strange figures drawn by writhing tails that seem'd  
Like Barbara, Datisi, Celarent.  
Then I did wrestle long with many words,  
And spake full fair and solemnly at length,  
And promised that, permitted to return,  
No more I'd roam in the forbidden paths,  
But on the narrow way to urge my course,  
Until the days accomplished were, and past  
The direful horrors of the impending hours.

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### THE PLAYERS' CLUB

This club, which was founded last year, is upholding its reputation for a high standard of acting. It is to be congratulated on its ambitious choice of a play, namely, "Quality Street," by Sir James Barrie—a very difficult piece of work for amateurs to portray successfully. However, interest is keen and the rehearsals so far promise much.

We were very fortunate in securing as a coach, Mrs. Godard, who has worked indefatigably to inspire the young players. We predict a brilliant future for Miss Helen Hayward, our winsome heroine, Phœbe. The play could not but succeed with so able an actress and so captivating a person as our leading lady. She is ably assisted by Miss Peggy Law, who is charming as Miss Susan. A very difficult role, that of Valentine Brown, is well sustained by Mr. John Hulbert, his attractive voice and manners being a distinct asset to the cast. The rest of the cast include such well-known college-ites as Hester Cleveland, Dick Diespecker, Bertha Wootten, Donald Adams, Belinda Hamilton, George Stark, Audrey Jost, Audrey Tooley, Wilfred Heritage and Eric Griffiths.

The Executive, consisting of Messrs. Winter, Stark and Diespecker, and the Misses Patsy Robinson, Helen Hayward and Hester Cleveland, the various committees, and Mr. Donald Adams, the manager, have worked tirelessly to make this year's venture a success. The executive wish to thank Miss Cann for her great interest and encouragement. George Stark made a splendid stage-manager, and Messrs. Wallace and Heritage official prompters of the play. The members have all shown a very helpful spirit, and the tickets have sold quickly under the guidance of Miss Mary Ross. We hope to have some social function soon to celebrate an auspicious year for the Victoria College Players' Club.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Literary Society, held quite early in the first term, gave sufficient evidence of the fact that the Society was endeavoring to set a high standard of entertainment for the coming year. With the president, Mr. Bert Bailey, in the chair, an election was held for the other officers, with the following results:

Honorary President—Miss Cann.

Honorary Vice-President—Miss Riddell.

Vice-President—Miss Hope Leeming.

Secretary—Mr. E. Vivenot.

Treasurer—Miss Connie Ross.

Mr. Winter and Mr. Diespecker caused great amusement with their story-telling contest, and Madame Sanderson-Mongin entertained with a delightful talk on "Sense and Nonsense."

The second meeting was the occasion for the reading of one of Masfield's plays, "The Locked Chest." Miss Hope Leeming, in the leading part, was ably assisted by Mr. Diespecker, Miss Connie Ross, Mr. Dee and others. Following this, the secretary, Mr. Vivenot, gave a very interesting talk on the Japanese earthquake. As Mr. Vivenot was in Yokohama at the time of the catastrophe, his address was very vivid.

Perhaps the most outstanding event of the year was the debate with Vancouver on the subject "Resolved that this meeting should go on record as being in favour of a practical form of Socialism." Messrs. Dee, Bowers and Blackett spoke for the College, and showed splendid preparation and ability. The visitors, who spoke in the affirmative, were finally awarded the decision by a very small margin. Mr. Gibson, Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Beckwith officiated as judges.

The next meeting opened with a piano solo by Miss Dorothy Greenwood. There followed another of Masfield's plays, "Mrs. Harrison," in which Mr. Bert Bailey was well supported by Messrs. Winter, Dee and Stark. Professor Elliot, in his talk on "How to Study," proved effectively that he does not impart knowledge during lecture hours only.

The last meeting of the year proved very interesting and entertaining. Miss Riddell gave a picturesque account of France in 1914. Her "vignettes" varied from the amusing to the pathetic, and were much enjoyed. A spirited debate followed, Mr. Yerburch taking the affirmative, and Mr. Jones the negative, on the subject "Resolved that higher education serves to create a gap between the classes." The reading of the play, "The Impertinence of the Creature," by Miss Leeming and Mr. Hamilton Smith caused a great deal of laughter, and the audience and the president experienced considerable difficulty in recovering. Dr. Paul, in the last talk of the evening, gave in his turn some interesting pictures of Asiatic life. The Doctor expressed his interest in the Society, and a hope for the future success of its members.

This meeting formed an excellent conclusion to a successful year.

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Professor—And I must say, that the thought that in due course the world's supply of coal is bound to become exhausted, does not bother me in the least, for in a few centuries I am sure——

Voice from the rear—You will no doubt be quite warm enough without it!





## STUDENTS' COUNCIL REPORT

With the rapid approach of that time when we, the Students' Council of 1924-25, can lay the duties of office in other and perhaps more capable hands, and look back over the period of our jurisdiction, we desire at this time to review the main events of the year's activity and present them to you for approbation.

Whether we do this with feelings of satisfaction or not, it matters little; only the realization that we have worked in the best interests of our Alma Mater, and that we have striven to hold high the torch flung to us by the Council of 1923-24 can console or reward us in these reflections.

From the very beginning of the year a mutual friendship between Sophomore and Freshman has more than all else contributed to make those successful enterprises that have characterized both terms. Freshmen chose Sophomores as Presidents of various societies, and Sophomores, appreciating this deference, chose Freshmen as school debaters, as rugby and basketball captains, as social committees, and as their guests at the Initiation Dance. Throughout the year Freshmen and Sophomores have fought side by side for their Alma Mater, both on the sports field and in the keeping of her rules and regulations. The Council has appreciated this spirit.

Then the Faculty has given us much wise counsel in matters of importance, and has supported us in any time of more than average difficulty.

Among the achievements of the year are to be found the managing for the first time of Varsity's trip to Victoria (for the success of which great praise is due Prof. P. H. Elliott), the establishment of a sinking fund in case of a future financial crisis, the financing of athletic teams in three Victoria leagues, the successful enforcement of new laws prohibiting smoking in the College, etc., and the financing of a spring play.

The S. C. M. has, this year, drawn up a constitution of its own.

Amidst all this mass of seething activity, however, the Alma Mater was able to pride herself in her usual share of brilliant sons and daughters, many obtaining averages in the Christmas exams. of far over eighty per cent.

In relinquishing its position, the Students' Council of 1924-25 extends to the incoming Council of 1925-26 its sincerest wishes for a prosperous year, and feels sure that it is leaving all in competent hands, hands that will carry the torch still higher than it has ever reached in the past.

*Raymond V. Bowers,  
Sec'y-Treas. Alma Mater Society.*

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## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

The 1924-25 College term, in its social aspect, opened with the initiation ceremony in which all the Freshmen and Freshettes were enrolled, with due pomp and ceremony and much paint, on the records of the Alma Mater. This function took place on October 9, and on looking back, especially from the point of view of a Sophomore, it was a decided success. The actual ceremonies were followed by a delightful

dance, which was, perhaps, more congenial to the hearts and even the complexions of many than was the preceding reception accorded them.

The Initiation was followed on November 7 by the Hallowe'en masquerade.. The affair was attended "en masse" by the student body and their friends. The costumes were many and varied, and needless to say all were pretty and charming and afforded the judges no small difficulty in awarding the prizes, which were given for the best four costumes. Carver's orchestra supplied very excellent music and both the guests and those responsible for its management were fully satisfied. .

Just after the Christmas examinations, as an outlet for our pent-up spirits, the break-up dance was held.. It was, needless to say, a welcome change from those nightmares of College life—exams., and so was enjoyed just that much more. The attendance was perhaps less than average, but feelings were high and life was rosy that evening at least.

The biggest event of the College year came during the Christmas vacation, when the Victoria College had for the first time during its existence the pleasure of staging the annual U. B. C. invasion of Victoria. The success of this affair was due to the untiring efforts of Prof. P. Elliot, who was absolutely unsparing in his efforts to make the visit one of credit to the College. After a long programme covering Friday and Saturday of January 2 and 3, and ending in a dance at the Empress, our Vancouver visitors returned home entirely convinced of the fact that Victoria is a very nice place and that many would like to be resident here.

Following the custom of previous years, a reception was held by the faculty and the students to the parents of the student body on January 23. Approximately four hundred guests were present, great crowds being seen inspecting the College and wondering what we do with our time. Much credit is due to the students who helped so tirelessly in decorating and caring for the various details of management. The affair was successfully culminated by refreshments and a short dance..

The last social event of the year was the Annual Ball, which was held at the Alexandra House on the evening of Friday, February 27. Ozard's orchestra supplied the dancers with all the latest hits in music, or should we say—jazz! The refreshments were catered for by the Alexandra Cafe and were voted very excellent and worthy, and, needless to say, very succulent.. Mr. Young made the dance brilliant with many fancy and varigated lights, which, mingled with the evening dresses of the fair sex, made a very charming scene. Much credit is due to Madame Sanderson-Mongin and the rest of the committee for their splendid decorative effects. On the whole the affair was a great success..

We feel that from this, the social aspect of our College life, that this year has been a successful one, that all our various entertainments and functions have been enjoyed by all who attended them, and that in closing the College doors this year we will open them again next autumn to begin another term at least as successful as this and a credit to the Victoria College.

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Sophomore—Say, Freshie, do you know who I am?

Freshman—No; don't you?

## S. C. M.

As this term ends the S. C. M. completes its most successful year. It is one in which a forward step has been taken in that for the first time we have raised funds to help others.

Many of us regret deeply to think that we must so soon break the ties of friendship which we have formed during the session, and, leaving, we can only wish the Society success for the future.

To carry on it has been decided to have several officers elected this term from among the first-year students, and for this purpose Miss L. Jeune and Mr. E. Vivenot have been chosen.

At the first meeting of the Society, October 17, 1924, the officers chosen for the year were: President, Miss J. Macdonald; Vice-President, Miss L. Jeune; Secretary-Treasurer, R. A. Killen, and throughout the session Miss M. Bowes, Mr. R. Bowers and Mr. H. Blackett have given efficient help as members of the Executive.

Mr. Farr, our professor in History and Economics, gave an appropriate inaugural address on "Toleration," pointing out how the peoples of the world yearly become more interdependent and more considerate of each other's views.

Rev. Dr. Sipprell addressed the Society on November 28 on "Students in Central Europe," and stirred the hearts of all present to a greater sympathy with our fellow students in that continent.

On November 11 Rev. Mr. Best gave a most interesting address on "Sacrifice," pointing out how it is the basis of all life—plant, animal and human.

To a most interested group Rev. Mr. Fraser spoke, on February 9, 1925, on "The Raising of India from the Caste System." He showed the great changes which Christianity has effected, and urged that it be not neglected in the education of such races.

On February 18 we were honoured by a visit and talk from Mr. Williams, who was returning to his native land—India.

At the meeting on February 25 Dean Quinton spoke on "Religious Doubts of Young People," pointing out that the older people may not always remember that old ways need mending because of evolution and new knowledge which has come, and showing the progress of evolution in the Bible, which book is not to be taken as a scientific text, he claims.

On March 9 Rev. Dr. Wilson spoke on "The Value of Time." He showed that we can do very little after all in a lifetime, unless we have an objective, and that to be the best students we must not overlook the One Day in Seven, which is bound up with the whole nature of man. Miss Gordon, from Vancouver, also spoke of the Summer Camp, which is to be held near that city, from May 10 to 20, and urged as many as possible to attend.

The final meeting of the year was held on March 16, when Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick spoke on "A Purpose in Life." Life can be compared to a cafeteria, where we wait upon ourselves, and in which concentration of our activities, courage, education and Christianity, all count toward the final attainment of the goal.

The thanks of the Society are tendered to Rev. Mr. Fraser for "*Jesus in the Records*," a book which should be of great interest and helpfulness to the members.



At the concert held on January 31, in the College, Miss Wootten, Miss Greenwood, Miss Menzies, Miss Bucklin, Miss Stott, Miss Leeming, and Miss C. Rose helped by musical contributions; Miss McGibbon by recitations, and Mr. Bourke by ventriloquism. As a result of this concert we sent \$26.50 to Toronto for European Student Relief Work.

### VISITORS TO THE COLLEGE, 1924-25

During the year many enjoyable addresses were given to the members of the College by notable speakers.

Early in the first term the scholarships were presented for the year 1925. Many of the foremost of our educational officials were present and the successful students were awarded their prizes to the great satisfaction of the assembled student body. On this occasion Dr. Paul was formally presented with the robes of his honorary degree of LL.D., which he received from his "Alma Mater," the University of Aberdeen.

On November 11, the anniversary of Armistice Day, 1918, was celebrated, two minutes' silence being observed. On this occasion Dr. Bapty was present and gave a short appropriate talk upon our post-war duties as citizens.

On November 25 the members of the College received a very 'enjoyable address from Dr. Sedgewick, of the U. B. C. faculty. Dr. Sedgewick spoke on the College motto, giving a clear idea of the traditions and obligations which it embodies. His eloquence and excellent matter will long be remembered by all who heard him.

During the second term we were visited by a noted speaker, Mr. Paton, who addressed us on February 13. Mr. Paton is an Old Country educationist and is eminently fitted, therefore, to talk to students. He spoke on the gaps caused between the classes by higher education, and suggested how we as students could help to remedy this. His humorous and witty speech was much enjoyed by all.

On the whole the College has been very fortunate in its speakers this year. The above-mentioned persons and the various visitors in connection with different College activities have helped to make a very profitable year for every one.

### HIS OWN GRANDFATHER

When I married the widow she had a grown-up step-daughter. My father came to see me of course, and, being a widower, he fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. My father, therefore, became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother, because she married my father.

In due time my wife had a son, who was, of course, my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife, who was my step-daughter, remember, also had a son, who was my brother and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter.

Now, my wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was, therefore, my wife's husband and grandchild, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather—I was my own grandfather.

## SPORTS

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### RUGBY

The College men, for the first time, entered a rugby team in the City Intermediate League. Unfortunately, most of the players available this year were new to the game, and thus the final standing of the team was not quite so high as it might have been. Credit, though, is certainly due to Phil Willis, as captain, and Mr. Butterworth, as coach, for developing the team to that efficiency which it attained. Phil was a tower of strength on the three-quarter line, displaying such ability that he was given a place on the Victoria Rep. Team.

In Vancouver the College did remarkably well, considering the undefeated record of the team with which they were matched. The Varsity crossed the College line only once for a 3-0 win.

The following represented the College: fullback, Greenwood; three-quarters, Hodson, Willis (capt.), Farish, McIntyre; five-eighths, Locke; halfbacks, Robertson and Diespecker; forwards, Russel, Adamson, Fraser, Turner, Collinson, Bailey, Winter, Dunn, Sivertz.

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## WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

The women's basketball team this year has been very successful. Thanks to the able assistance of their two coaches, John Foubister and Oswald Taylor, the team reached a high standing in the City League, and very probably would have landed in first place had it not been for the unfortunate loss of one of their best players, Miss Patsy Robinson. Two of the best games of the year were those against the Fidelis and B.C. Telephone. Though the College lost both these games, it was only by narrow margins, and they were hard and fast all the way.

*League Results*

College vs. B. C. Telephone—Lost, by default.

College vs. Civil Service—Won, 15-6.

College vs. B. C. Telephone—Lost, 14-8.

College vs. Normal—Won, 8-4.

College vs. Civil Service—Won, 13-7.

College vs. Normal—Lost, 7-5.

College vs. Normal—Won, 6-5.

This year the team was successful in both games with U.B.C. In Victoria the College girls inflicted a crushing defeat on Varsity "B", the score being 28-3. The game in Vancouver against the senior "A" proved to be one of the most exciting of the season, and only after a hard tussle did our girls emerge victors by the close score of 9-8.

The following represented the College: forwards, Audrey Jost, Jean Musgrave; centre, Iola Worthington (capt.); guards, Jessie Stott and Nancy Ross.





## MEN'S BASKETBALL

This year the College men entered a team in the Senior "B" League of the city, and although playing against older and heavier opponents, were able to capture second place in the standing. They lost the first three games, but soon after found their stride, and finally wiped out these defeats. Some very fast games were played with teams outside the league. In two contests with the Normal School they were victorious by scores of 32-12 and 41-26, and they defeated Brentwood College by the wide margin of 57-18.

*League Results*

College vs. Prior's—Lost, 26-16.  
College vs. Navy—Lost, 17-9.  
College vs. Ex St. Mary's—Lost, 17-6.  
College vs. Tillicums—Won, 22-18.  
College vs. C.P.R.—Lost 34-16.  
College vs. S.O.E.—Won, 40-19.  
College vs. Prior's—Won, 25-16.  
College vs. Navy—Won, 12-8.  
College vs. Tillicums—Won, 13-11.  
College vs. C.P.R.—Lost, 14-12.

In the two most important games of the year, the College men were defeated, by the U.B.C. Intermediate "A" team, in Victoria, 32-18; in Vancouver by a much closer score, however, 19-11.

The following represented the College: centre, A. Rhodes; forwards, P. Rose, B. Bailey, J. Foubister (capt.); guards, H. Parfitt, R. Bowers, W. Fletcher.



## SACRIFICE

"I can't let the boy go now, Len. We'd never get out. I wish he hadn't brought up this business."

But G-d! Cap; what's a fella to do?"

The lean, brown Captain of the expedition was thoughtful. His young lieutenant, "Master of the Boys," was plainly worried. Here they were in the heart of India, some of the thickest country of their long journey of exploration, and the Indian leader of the boys wanted to quit. Something about getting married, word from a passing tribe that if he didn't return soon, his love would be the wife of another, mother of the children of Tagii, his rival. Yet if this one went, all the boys went.

"Tell him to come and see me, Len. Send him up here fast. I'll show him what loyalty means. Quit? H——! Gimme your whip. Thanks. Now send him up.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the thick jungle of an Indian night a solitary native lay silent—silent and thinking. Would the pain never go from his back? And the Captain, the Cuptharn. How he hated the Cuptharn. Pretty soon the time would come, by Allah and the Prophets! and the knife would sink in slowly, and the red blood would flow and spurt out, and he'd fall and fall——

\* \* \* \* \*

"Missed him, Len? No! Boy, you've got him! You've wounded him!"

The wild trumpeting of a mad elephant rang through the thick woods. Trees and bushes crashed to the ground as the beast came charging on. The small party, sensing their danger, immediately looked around for some kind of shelter. The two white men, handling their big game guns, stood waiting their chance. The boys had nearly all disappeared, some frightened, others confident of the dead medicine in their Sahib Cuptharn's boom-mouths. Still bellowing, the elephant charged on, stopped suddenly, and let out a shriek that could only come from an elephant gone "must" with pain.

He had caught sight of the Master of the Boys, and began once again his wild rush. The Indian, realizing his danger, was too terrified to avoid it. Standing still, almost petrified, his glassy eyes stared straight ahead.

"Hey you, Boy, lookout! D—n the Boy, anyhow."

The Captain dashed from his shelter, headed straight for the Indian, grabbed and dragged him behind a big ironwood tree, when the elephant, trunk lashing wildly, eyes bloody with pain and madness, came lumbering by. Two shots rang out, and a quivering, greyish-black mass of flesh stumbled on, unconscious now, swayed, dropped.

The young Lieutenant rushed over to his chief.

"G-d! Cap——!"

"Sallright, kid. Thanks for getting him. Now look after the boy there."

\* \* \* \* \*

The low wail of an Indian chant rose from the Boy's tent, breaking the silence of an otherwise quiet night. "Allah is good that he saves the dust of his worthless servant."

A naked, oily body swayed back and forth to the dismal prayer. The tribal celebration of life saved, for which event the tribal creed had a definite ceremony. "He whose life is saved by another, must first give thanks to Allah. Then must he look to him who saved the life, that he may reward him. For he must be repaid, even with a life. As he is Allah's messenger, even so must good be done to him."

A now silent tribesman lay in his tent and thought of his creed. A devoted, religious tribesman, whose mind was full of hate. That devil of a Cuptharn! But, oh, his creed! And then, "May Allah bless the Sahib Cuptharn."

Then, four days later, the Captain disappeared mysteriously. The young lieutenant searched ardently, feverishly. And still no trace. The Master of the Boys said he knew nothing. "Noa, noa, Sahib." He earnestly disavowed all knowledge. But from the Boys a young native stole one night to the young Lieutenant. "Sahib Captain" had been captured. Captured by the Cliffmen, who resented his studies. It would be worthless to search for him. For soon came Death. And death from the hands of the Cliffmen was worse than death. The hell of torture. First the victim was tied up in black sack-like cloths. Then tortured by the priests, taken to the Sacred Cliff, and after a long ceremony, thrown over to be dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. Death? Oh, yes! And that's what the Captain was up against. The Master of the Boys heard the news and smiled. A kind of a half-smile, as though he didn't care. "Lord!", thought Len; "how he hates the Captain."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Captain lay thinking, tightly bound, in a pitch black hut on the hillside. They suffocated him, these cloths. What did he want to get into a mess like this for. If only Len were here, he'd show 'em. But as for the boys, pah! The dirty niggers wouldn't help a stranded baby. And that Master of the Boys. Kind of sorry he had to lick the poor beggar. He was brave, too. Took it without a whimper. But he'd bear some watching. Just waiting for a chance to get his knife in. And these Cliffmen. The dirty, torturing devils. Pretty soon they'd come with their knives for a load. I wonder, I wonder——.

G-d! What was that? A touch; someone fumbling with his headsack. One of the bloody chieftains that couldn't wait till tomorrow. Fool with him, would they? Well, he'd scream. He'd fight and bite!

The covering was loosened from his head. The rest of the cloths were soon removed. Then the head-sack was pulled completely off, but the Captain could see nothing in the inky blackness of the hut. He felt a motion near him; the cloths pulled further away, one by one. What was their idea? Who could it be? He started to ask the question, but received a slap on the face soon after he opened his mouth. Someone grabbed his arm, slid their hand down until it clutched his, pressed a cloth into it. The Captain could wait no longer. Picking up a match from his pocket, he struck it, held it spluttering before the face of his intruder. Hardly was the match lit when it was struck from his hand.

But the Captain had seen enough. For there, with him in the hut, was the Master of the Boys. "Put the sack on my head." The command came in the native tongue. He felt, almost dazed, for the man's head, slipped the cloth over, tied it. "One of the boys waits outside." The whisper came again. "He will take you back." The Captain slipped out of the tent, felt himself seized by the arm. It was one of his



own boys. He crept on down the hillside. Free! Headed for Len now. Len and safety.

And in the Cliffmen's torture hut a man lay thinking. Allah, how he hated that Cuptharn! "May the soul of the Cuptharn be shrivelled to ashes." And then, "Thy servant has done his duty, oh Allah!"

The Cliffmen came with their knives. The first part of the ceremony over, and a quivering, suffering piece of humanity lay silent, nursing his hatred.

The next day the frenzied Cliffmen, their celebration well-night over, carried a bloody, cloth-swaddled mass to the edge of the cliff, waited a moment, then threw it.

A single shriek of hatred rang out as the body half fell, half floated to the rocks beneath.

—B.

### THE KOLLEGE KOMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt put no other professors before thine own.
2. Thou shalt not carve any images or likenesses of thy professors upside down, upon thy benches.
3. Thou shalt not be guilty of inebriation.\*
4. Remember that thou shouldst attend the morning Assembly. The rest of the day shalt thou labor at Physics and Geometry and the various other subjects which endanger the life of the *seeker after knowledge*.
5. Honour the Kollege Kat—and the Students' Council—that thy days may run smoothly at the college.
6. Thou shalt not neglect thy prep.
7. Thou shalt not shuffle thy scows during a professor's meditations.
8. Thou shalt not heckle.
9. Thou shalt not utter false excuses, in vain hopes of deluding thy professors.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's Latin crib; thou shalt possess one of thine own.

Moreover: Thou shalt not put thy feet upon the bookcases.

\*For the elucidation of this erudite term, apply to the Students' Council of Victoria College.

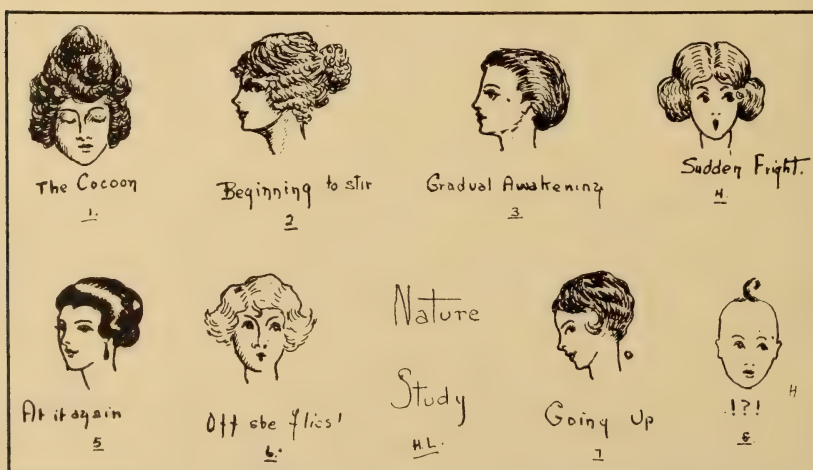
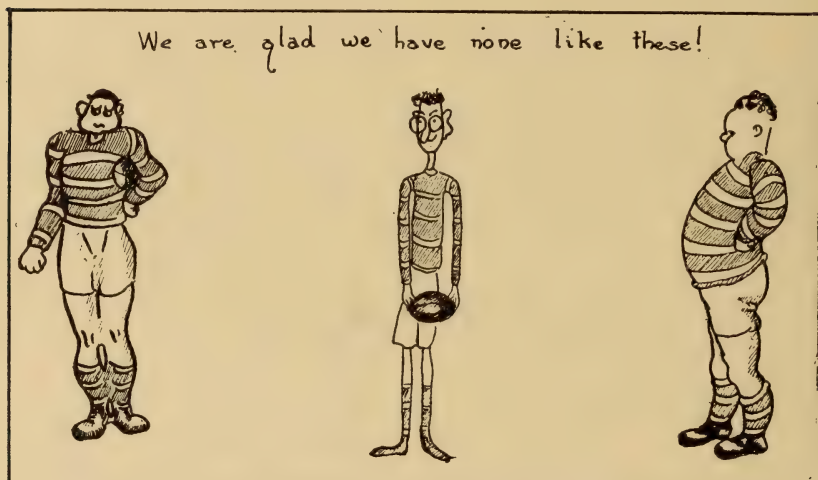
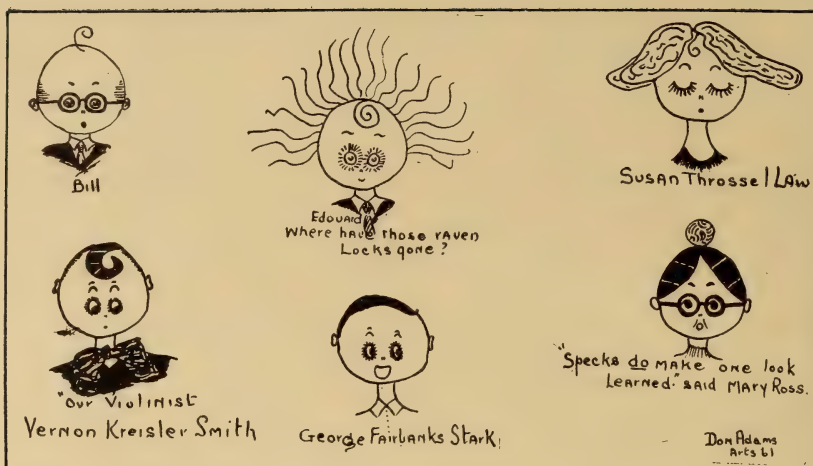
—*The Quibbling Quartette.*

The Rule of Signs in Physics is "as easy as rolling off a log," and if you do not believe that rolling off a log is easy—why just try it some day, especially in summer, when, arrayed in all your glory, you attempt to cross a stream. You have your new slippers on, of course, and they are slippery, being, as I have said, slippers.

1 slippery log plus 1 pr. slippery shoes equal 1 splash

You have also the opportunity to prove that other law of Physics that a stream which is apparently shallow is sometimes, indeed nearly always, quite the reverse.

—A Freshie



SOME COLLEGE TYPES



## EVOLUTION?

## I.

In days of old,  
When knights were bold,  
And ladies lovely to behold—  
My lady fair,  
With best of care,  
She powdered, brushed, and curled her hair.

## II.

A girl today,  
A flapper gay,  
She does her hair another way:  
Upon her nob  
A shingle bob,  
And shears and clippers do the job.

## III.

The girl to be,  
A he or she?  
She'll have no hair at all, you see!  
It is a shame,  
Are "bobs" to blame?  
Or will it happen just the same?

G. M. F.

## DAWN

The Lake, a living mirror, lies,  
Motionless pines their outline make,  
Black 'gainst the morning's blue-grey skies,  
All nature hushed—nothing awake.

A lambent flame gilds the mountain's breast,  
A shrill cry startles the chill, still air,  
The pine trees shiver; from her rest  
Nature turns. Over there

A glimmering, glancing sunbeam smites  
The fir-tops to gold; a raucous jay  
Sails o'er the forest on ebon wing,  
Hailing the dawn—the newborn day.

—R. M. Petrie.



## First Year Students

Donald Marvin Adams  
Laurence John Adamson  
Hilda Marie Best  
Dorothy Amelie Bisson  
Russell Daniel Agnew Bisson  
Mona Bradford  
Winnie Marr Bruce  
Velma Emeline Bucklin  
Stanley Cox Carver  
Margaret Cawthorne  
Lewis John Clark  
Charles Stewart Clarke  
Ralph Noel Collison  
Audrey Clarissa Coton  
Margaret Adelaide Helen Cruick-  
shank  
Henry Cummins  
Eileen D'Arcy  
Charles Warbrick Deane  
Richard Ernest Alan Diespecker  
Dorothy Helen Downes  
Henry Louis Dunn  
John McArthur Dunsmore  
Harriet Esther Edwards  
Henry Griggs Farish  
Edna Mary Finch  
Gertrude May Flack  
Walter James Fletcher  
Bertha Victoria Foxgord  
Arthur Hayward Fraser  
Joan Maude Campbell Fuller  
Pauline Victoria Gardiner  
Bernard Carrington Gillie  
Helen Green  
Eric Reginald Griffiths  
William Hall  
Belinda Hamilton  
Hubert Charles Hanson  
Flora Gwendoline Harper  
Isabel B. Hedley  
Flora Hill  
Winnifred Daisey Hoadley  
Arabel Hope Hodges  
Edward Tessier Hodson  
James Wilson Horne  
John Eric Bouchier Hulbert  
Ivy Jane Inghram  
Teresa Jephson  
Lillian Eva Jeune  
Arthur Jones

Thelma G. Jones  
Audrey Elinor Jost  
Leonard Louis Joseph Kissinger  
Margaret Jean Law  
Robert Lawson  
Helen Hope Leeming  
Lemnox Hubbard Lindsay  
Charles Williams Evans Locke  
Rosalind E. Lorden  
Evelyn MacFarlane  
Anna McBride  
Charles Stuart MacKay  
Jean May MacLachlan  
Mary Evelyn Macqueen  
Alison Cameron MacTavish  
Kathleen Dorothy McConnell  
Lucy Ada McDougall  
Florence Eugenia McGibbon  
Eleanor Briley McLeod  
Marion Ralston McPherson  
Blanche Edith May  
Raymond Carlisle Matthews  
Janet Hunter Mearns  
Leonidas K. Metro  
Marion Christine Miller  
Harriett Inez Mitchell  
Victor Amedeo Anselm Montaldi  
Lilian Moore  
Margaret Isabella Murdock  
George Morley Neal  
Jeannette Margaret Newell  
Gwendolyn Noel  
Harold Charles Parfitt  
Edna Pearmain  
Inez Louise Penzer  
Robert Methven Petrie  
Florence Beatrice Porter  
Ada Ivy Raines  
Edna May Raynor  
Douglas Allan Robertson  
Douglas Robertson  
Philip Henry Rose  
Constance Alma Marjorie Ross  
Kathleen Gordon Ross  
Mary Ross  
Lewis Arthur Rounding  
Leslie James Russell  
Beatrice Mary Ruttan  
Elizabeth Allan Schofield  
Margaret Barrows Schofield



Bent Gestur Sivertz  
 Jeanie White Skelton  
 Albert Edward Smith  
 Vernon Smith  
 Mary Manley Spinks  
 Joan Spurgin  
 George John Miller Stark  
 Hazel Eunice Stewart  
 Mary Irene Stewart  
 Jessie Stott  
 Lorne Forster Swannell  
 Clive Osborne Tayler  
 Mary Elizabeth Thompson

Audrey Laura Secord Tooley  
 Audrey Cora Tripp  
 Mary Elizabeth Tucker  
 George Anthony Turner  
 Edouard de Babo Vivenot  
 Mary Marguerite Wallace  
 Robert Thomas Duff Wallace  
 Philip Ernest Willis  
 Nancy Virginia Wollaston  
 Bertha Louise Wootton  
 Iola Audrie Worthington  
 Sidney Leslie Young  
 Richard Eustre Marryat Yerburgh

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### A PLAINT

The College life is awfully hard,  
 I'm in it, so I know;  
 I'm sure my parents never guess  
 How much I have to do.

On Monday, lectures hold me  
 Till the hour of 3 p. m.  
 Then somehow I'm inveigled in  
 That grasping S. C. M.

My Tuesdays are devoted quite  
 To tee and putting green;  
 And Wednesdays I've my basketball,  
 Being on the College team.

On Thursdays after lectures,  
 I hurry off to skate;  
 And after lab. on Friday,  
 I'm never home till late.

You can see it's not all roses  
 For the struggling College-ite,  
 For every day is taken up,  
 And, of course—I sleep at night.  
—O. U. Freshie.

---

### AH, FRESHMEN!

A green little boy,  
 In a green little way,  
 A green little apple devoured one day;  
 And the green little grasses now tenderly wave  
 O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.  
—A Soph.





We're sorry you  
are going, Patsy!

Seraphic  
Sivertz.



Dignity & Impudence



"Caught in the Act!"



"The Heavenly Trio."



Who are you  
smiling at, George?



P.S. & V.B.



Richard & Eileen.



Exams don't  
bother me!!



A Professor In The Blvd.



Our Chief Chimney.



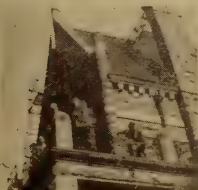
A Study in Perspective



Mixed Pickles



A Fragment of Arts '27



High Life



Another Pickle (sweet)



"The apparel oft proclaims the man,"  
(but not always!)



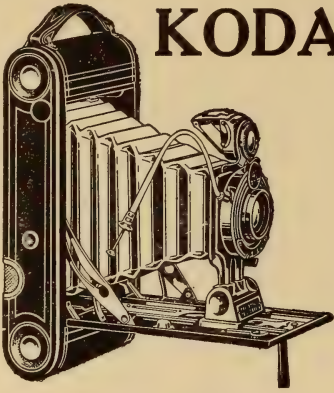
Curly Locks!



Listening in



K



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## TERRY'S

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## CITY DYE WORKS

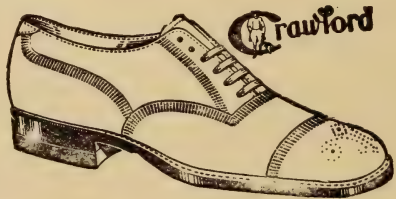
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## FASHION NOTES (FOR MEN ONLY)

These few suggestions, we feel sure, will prove an invaluable aid to the young men of Victoria College in the difficult task of planning a spring wardrobe. They represent some of the most original ideas, which we have, with considerable trouble, collected from the "ensemble" of the foremost men of fashion here. (The initials after each item represent these authorities).

Naturally, to the serious-minded youth, comes first the problem of the suit. He who would stand highest in Dame Fashion's regard, will be well advised to purchase a light sand suit (R. H. S.). Next in importance comes the shirt. Nowhere can one's individuality be better expressed than in the choice of this important article! We would suggest a delicate shade of pink (W. H. W.), or blue (L. J. R.) as most seasonable. The problem of the tie naturally follows. Here the would-be sheik may choose between the patriotic tie, in blue and gold (H. W. B.), and the "William Tell" bow tie, which has so far met with considerable approval. From ties one's mind turns to socks. While the possibilities of socks are legion, "snake" socks (H. D. D.) will be found very attractive, or, at least attracting. "Spatterdashers," (R. E. D.) are also in good style, but are probably rather hot for spring wear.

Facial (and cranial) adornment have already been the objects of serious thought on the part of some of our men. We need only mention that the shaved head and eyebrows (E. De. B. V.), curled eye-lashes (A. V. R.), and the atrophied moustache (R.N.C., L.J.A. and R.E.D.) are the newest of the new. To crown this triumph of the barber's art, to give that last touch which completes the whole, we suggest a "pork-pie" hat, for dull days, to be replaced when the sun shines and the world is glad, by the popular "donkey's breakfast."

—*Sartor Resartus.*

## A MYSTERY OF INIQUITY

It happened in English 1b. "All were silent, and in deep attention fixed their gaze" on the Professor. With bated breath, the students listened to the words of wisdom meted out for their instruction. The only sound to break the intense silence was the scrape of a pen as some note-fiend endeavored to imprison on paper the thoughts which he feared might elude his treacherous memory.

Then, suddenly the young lady occupying the seat nearest the window gave a start and shot a wild glance through the pane. A second later she had imparted the reason of her terror to her neighbour, who also gasped it out to her neighbor. Soon a whole row of Freshettes sat convulsed by some "deep emotion crossing their souls," as the great Frenchman has said in his famous romance.

At length the strain became too great for the nerves of one young lady (I may admit here she was very young), and she gave vent to a strangled sob—or was it—oh, *don't* say it was a giggle!

And simultaneously came a strange cry from the opposite side of the window as if in sympathy: "Meow!!"

Oh, Tommy, this was beyond your rights! Oh, Kollege Kat!!!!

—*Q. E. D.*



# FOREST FIRES



The time is propitious for one and all to make a careful analysis of the tremendous fire losses borne by this Province each year. We have probably been too prone to look upon a forest more from the poetical standpoint than from a business angle. Forests to one man mean *trees*, while to another it means *trade*; to one it is a garden of glorious green shafts, while to his neighbor it is a source of pay cheques—a timber crop on which large battalions of men subsist.

The forest is a public resource—it is a supreme national necessity—one of the first essentials of human nature and human happiness. You can not conceive any business activity in this Province which is not dependent directly or indirectly on the products or by-products of the forest. You can not run a farm without a forest—the house, the barn, the fence posts, the fuel, the furniture, the implements, are in whole or part things of the forest. There can hardly be a good farm without a good forest. The miner, before he can start your coal on its route to your fireside, must be certain of his mine props and other mine timber.

A similar analogy will be found in fruit growing, manufacturing, fisheries, and many other industries.

Whenever you meet constructive activities you find a line of communication running back into the forest supply.

With the depletion of the timber lands in Eastern Canada, the Eastern and Southern States, our position to cash in on every square mile of timber becomes stronger, that is, provided the summer menace in the form of the careless camper and smoker will be good enough to leave it standing.

After all, the story of forest fires is not a matter of burning trees, but burning jobs. It is not so much the tragedy of summer smoke with resultant standing snags as it is the ruined foundations of industry upon which our advanced civilization is based. It is not a clear case of careless industrial operation and railways, but one of wandering, thoughtless bands of individuals who traverse our forested areas year after year, leaving in their wake vast tracts of charred trees and blackened hillsides as a striking monument to man's "Thoughtless Carelessness" with fire.

**86% OF BRITISH COLUMBIA'S ANNUAL FOREST FIRE LOSS IS DUE TO HUMAN CARELESSNESS.** The present merchantable timber supply of the country can not stand this onslaught for ever. Surely the time is ripe for a careful analysis on the part of all sane-thinking citizens. If one and all will remember that "example is better than precept" then the staggering fire loss which confronts this Province annually will be reduced to such an extent that it will no longer constitute a menace to the high standard of civilization which attains in this country today.

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M. Edouard de Babo Vivenot sends us the following epistle expressing his heartfelt thanks to HERPIFOAM:

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March 9th, 1925.

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Dear Sirs,—Owing to my mental superiority and artistic temperament which expressed itself in the form of the loveliest head of long, black hair, I became a target for many unkind and thoughtless remarks from my fellow students in Victoria College. These were, no doubt, engendered by the superior appearance, which many of them strove in vain to emulate.

About three weeks ago, I became the victim of a severe attack of mental aberration. I fell suddenly from my exalted sphere, to that of those about me. While in this degraded state, I shamefully entered a tonsorial parlor to have my long tresses clipped! But when I came out I found to my horror that they had disappeared entirely!

Only a week ago, my lower surroundings prevailed over me once more. I seized my razor—in a few moments my beautiful eyebrows were no more.

You can imagine, sirs, my hairless condition; you can imagine the depths of anguish to which my artistic soul descended—when suddenly, happy inspiration—HERPIFOAM!!!

You, who manufacture this wonderful preparation, know well the result of its use. After applying it for a week I can testify to its marvellous hair-restoring qualities.

Let me express my heartfelt thanks to you, who are so evidently of my own sphere of life; let me write in the hope that some other unfortunately placed in similar circumstances may see this letter and find solace herein. If this be the case, I shall not have suffered in vain.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Yours for more hair,

(Signed) EDOUARD DE BABO VIVENOT.

(After reading this letter, further comment on our part is unnecessary—Herpifoam Inc., Dander Cide, N.Y.).

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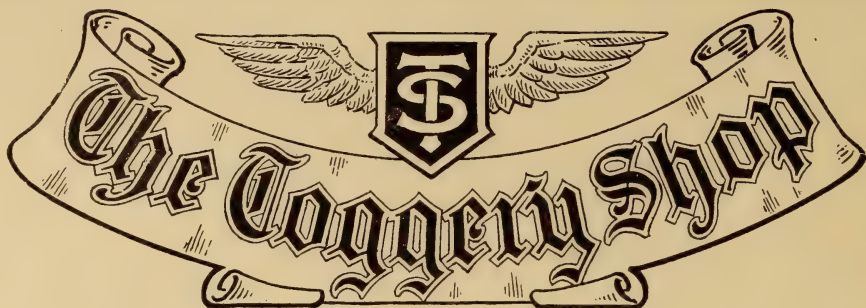
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